NBC

JUMP

1971

TUFTS UNIVERSITY
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

President

Burton C. Hallowell

TAKE OUT
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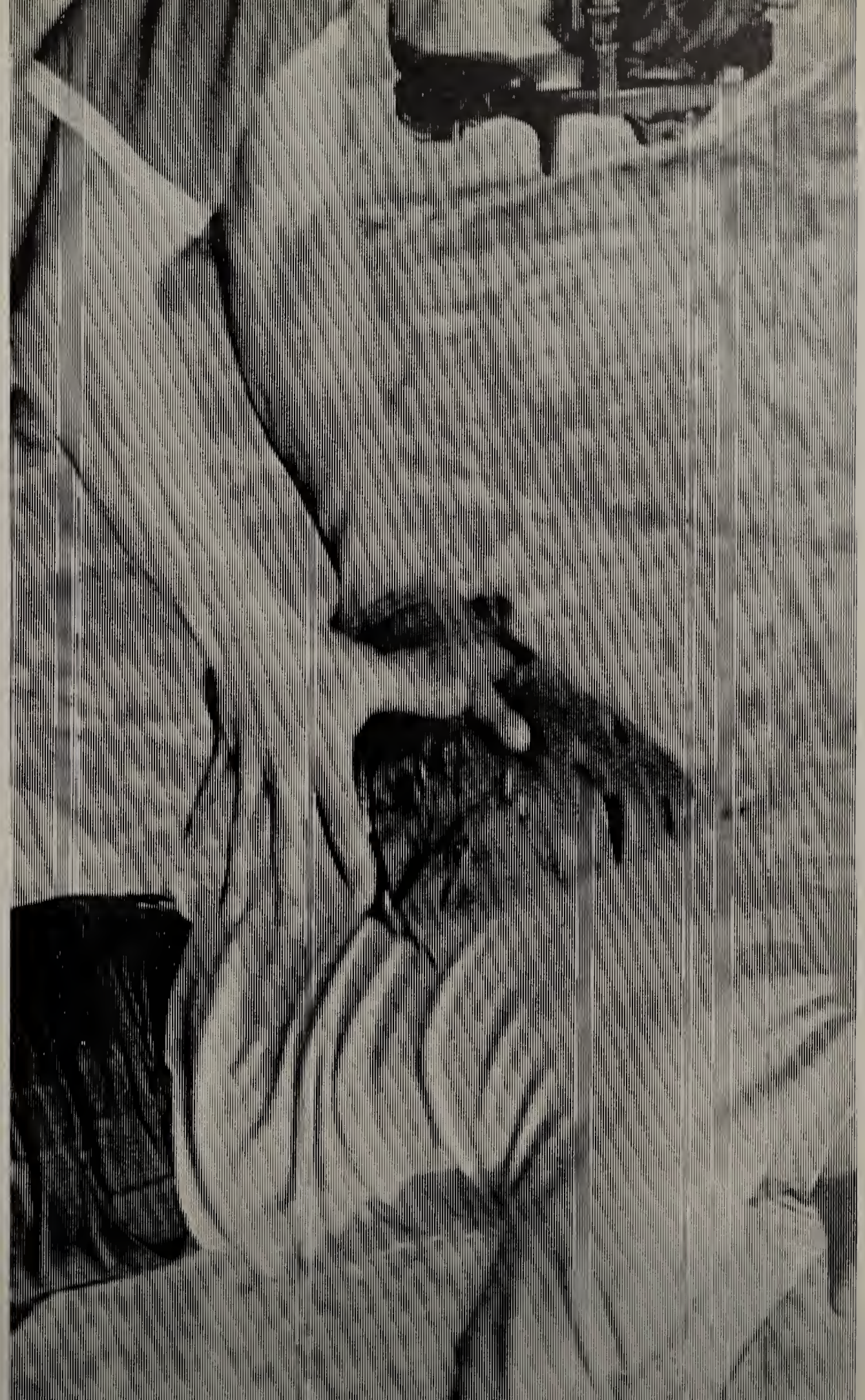
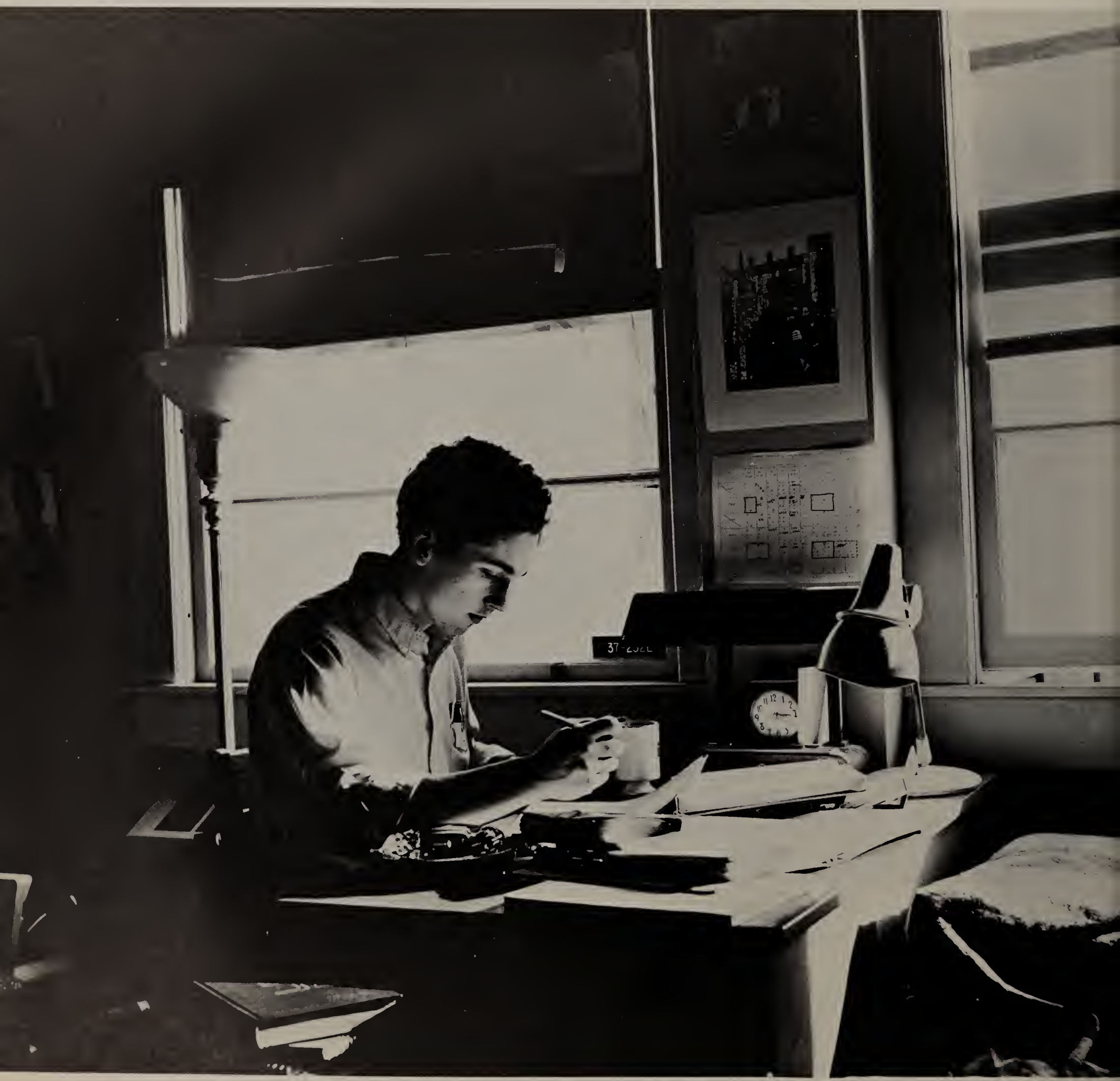
696-4328

OFF HILL

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TUFTS

STOP
ANTI WAR IS NOT ANTI AMERICA
PEDESTRIAN
IN
CROSSWALK

STOP THE WAR
AGAINST INDOCHINA &
BLACK AMERICA

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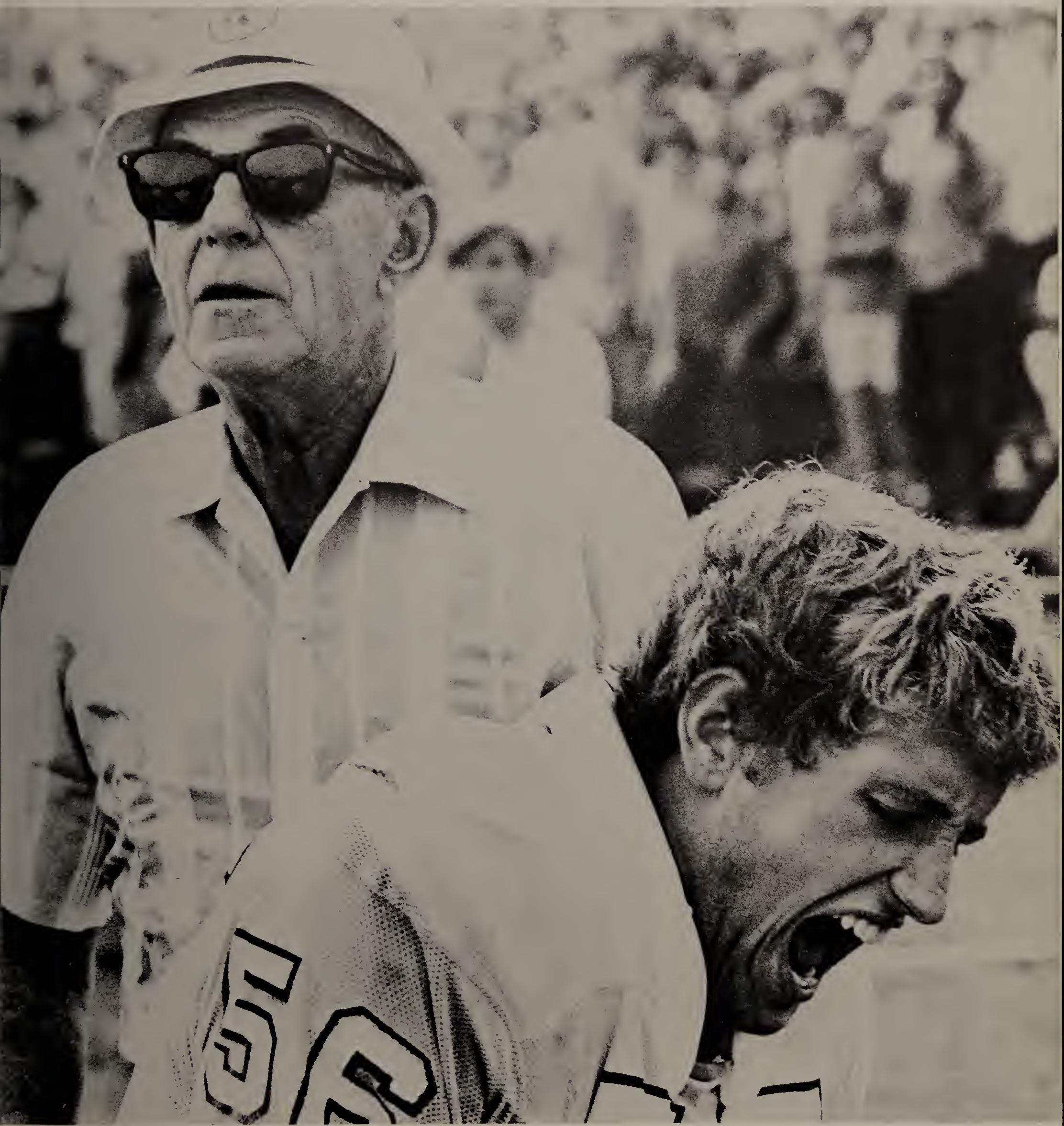
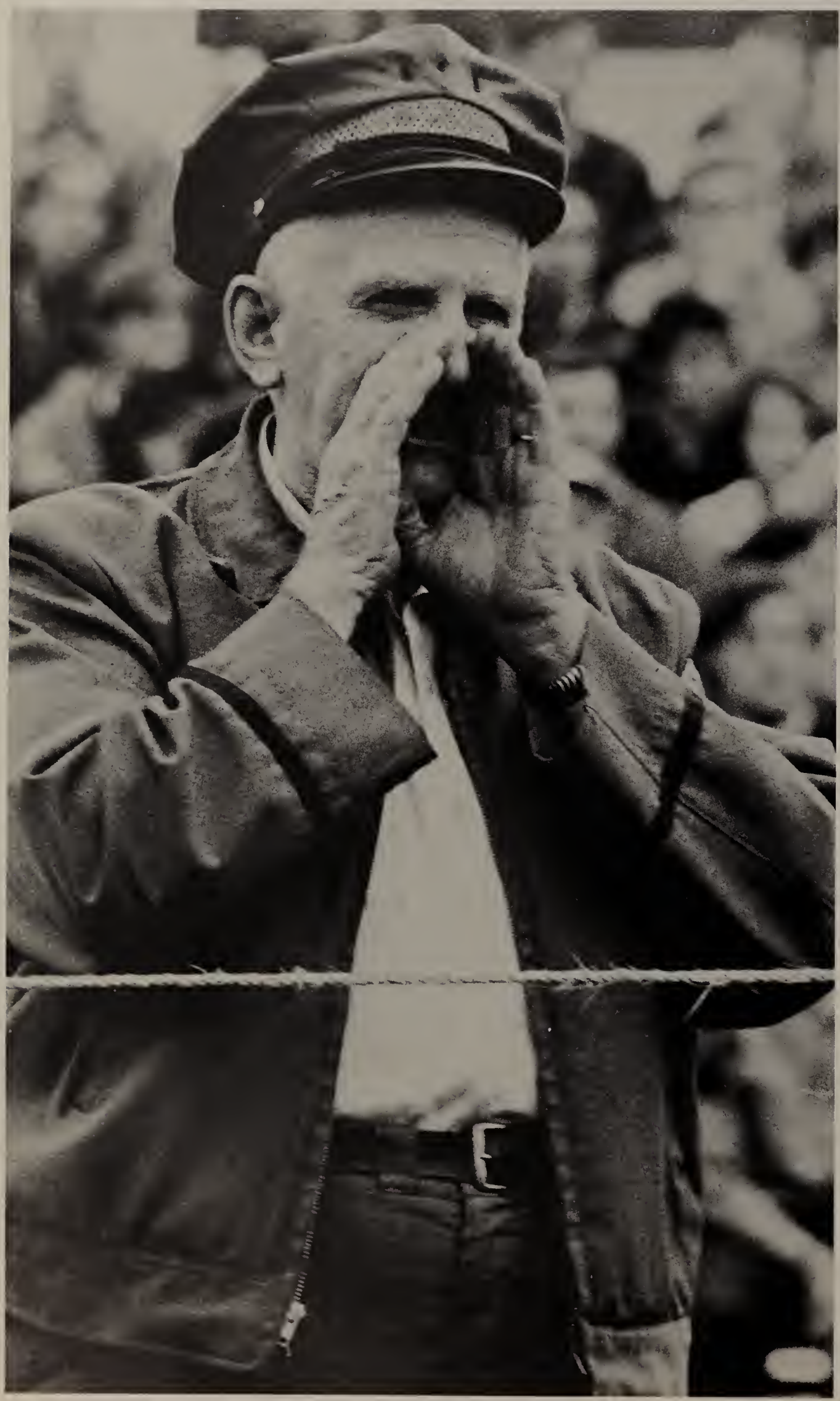
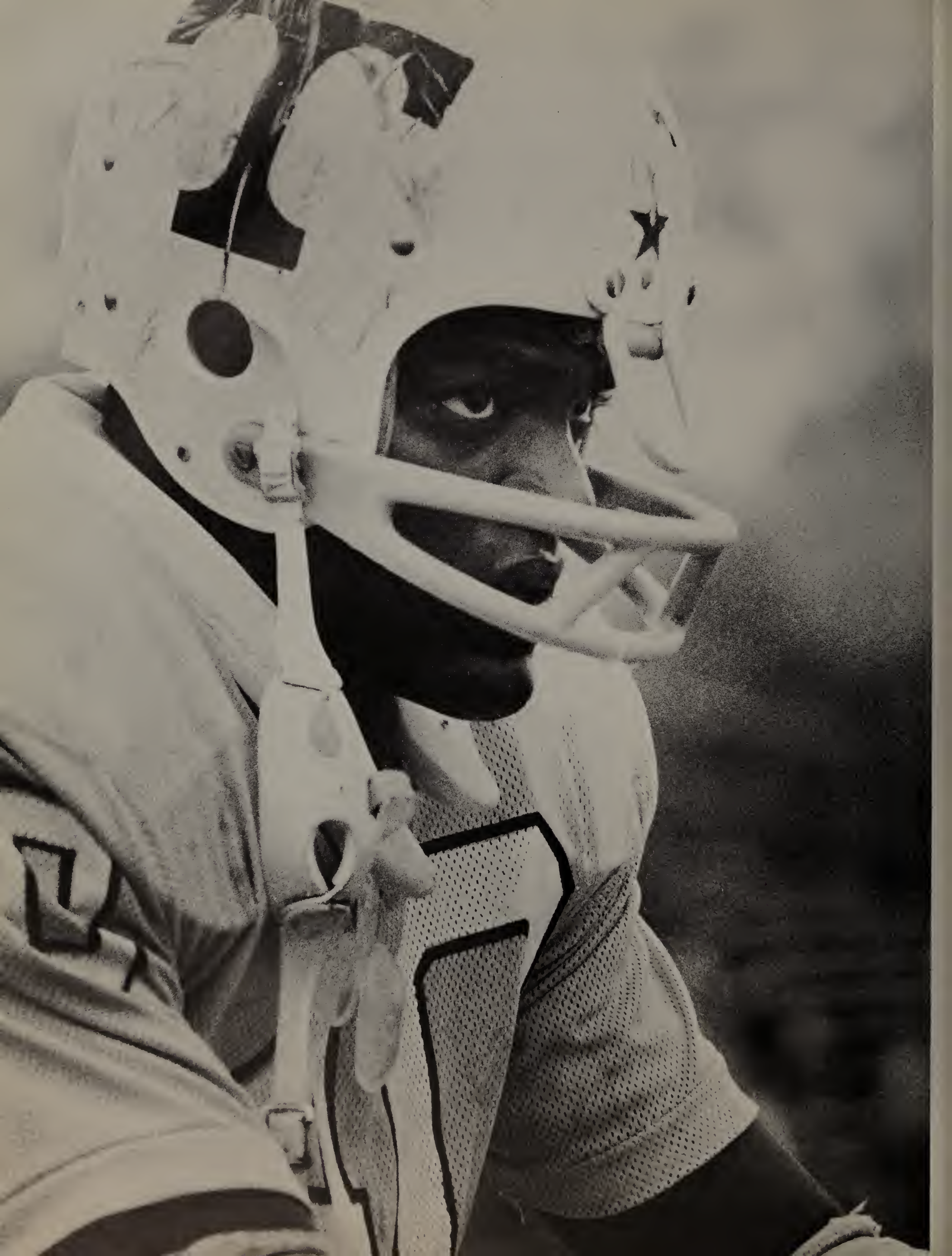
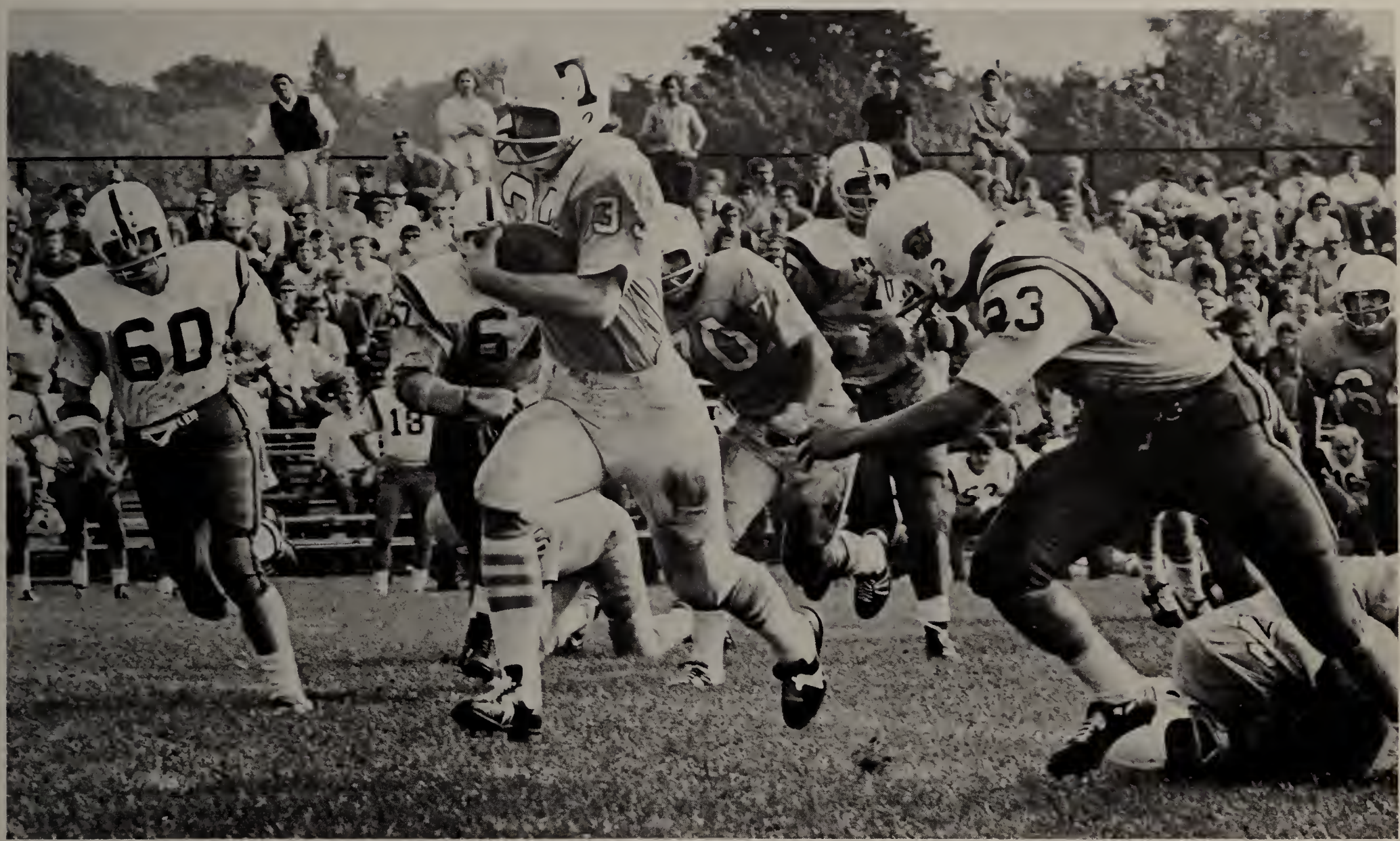
FARM FREE
SAVE

HI OMEGA
FOR
SSELL LIBRARY





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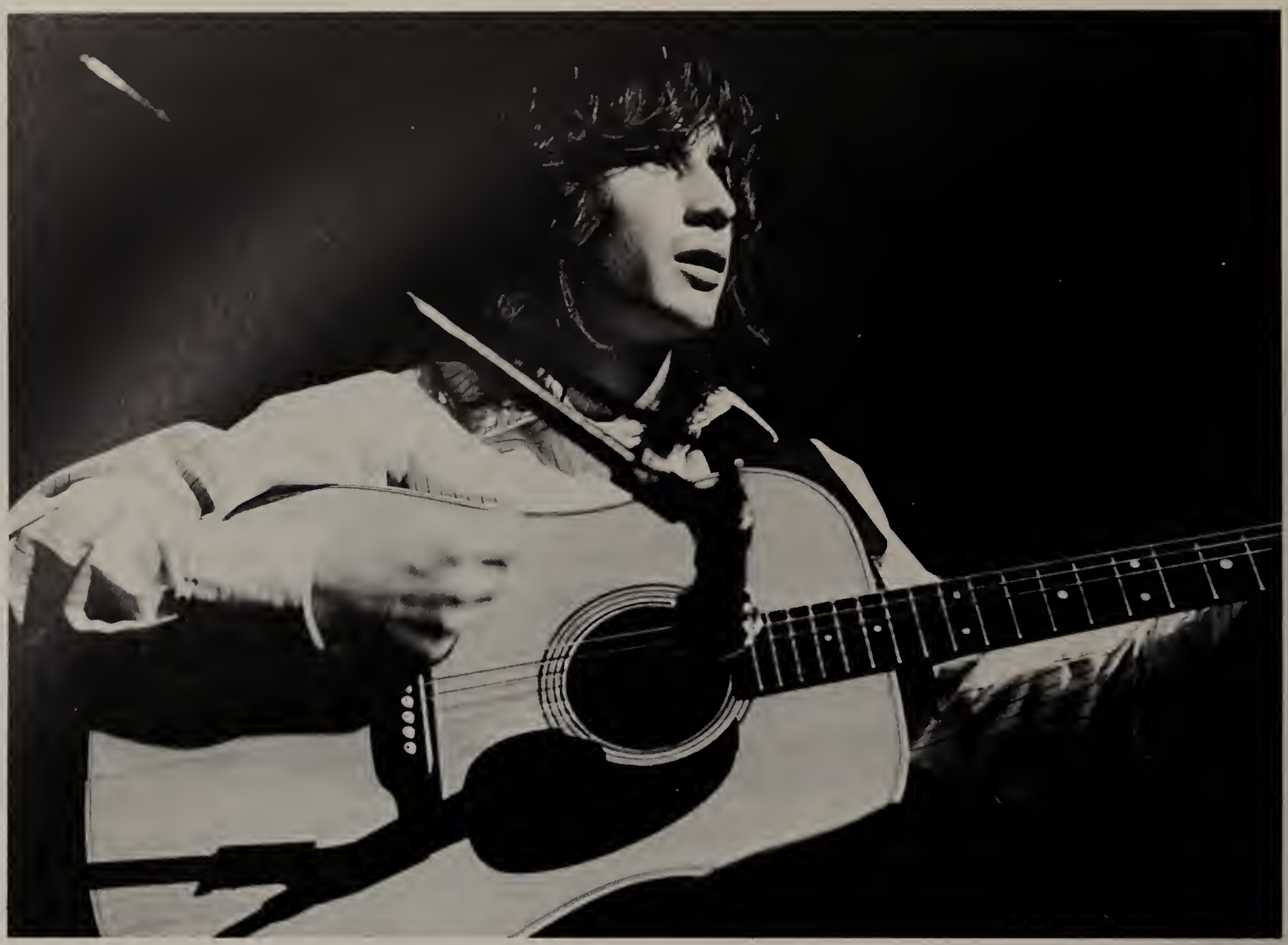

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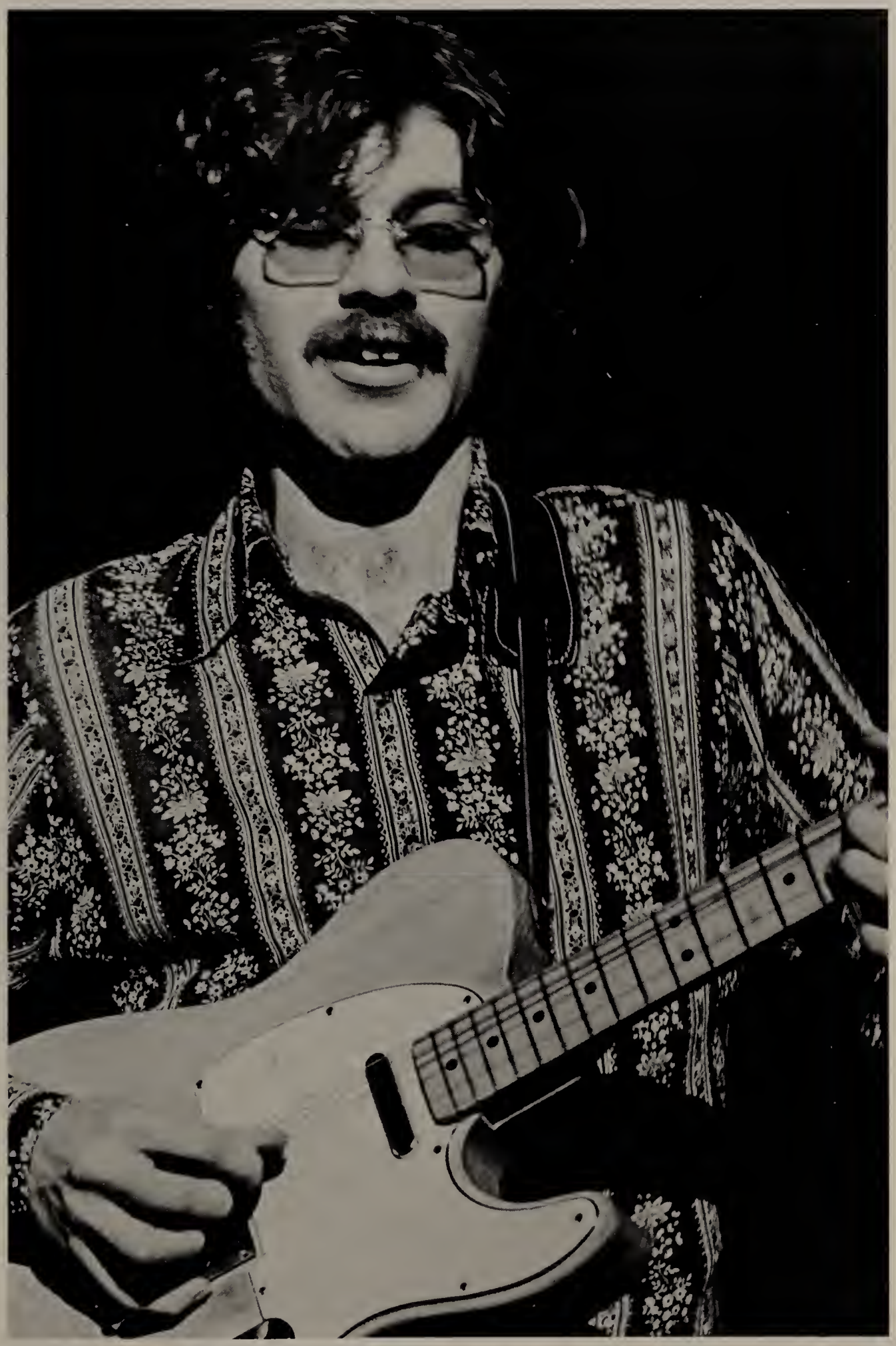
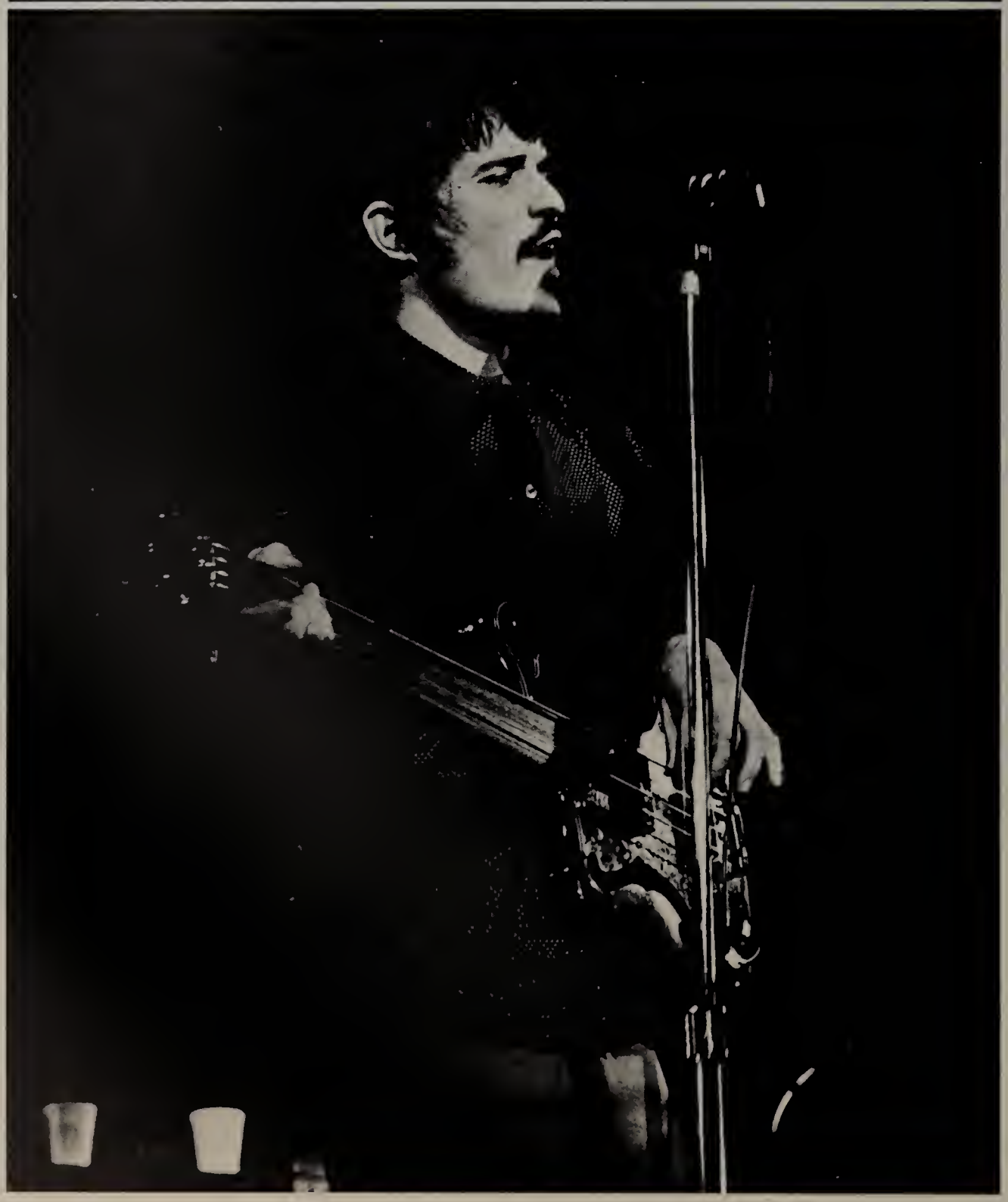
MASS MEETING
FREE DAYCARE
TONIGHT

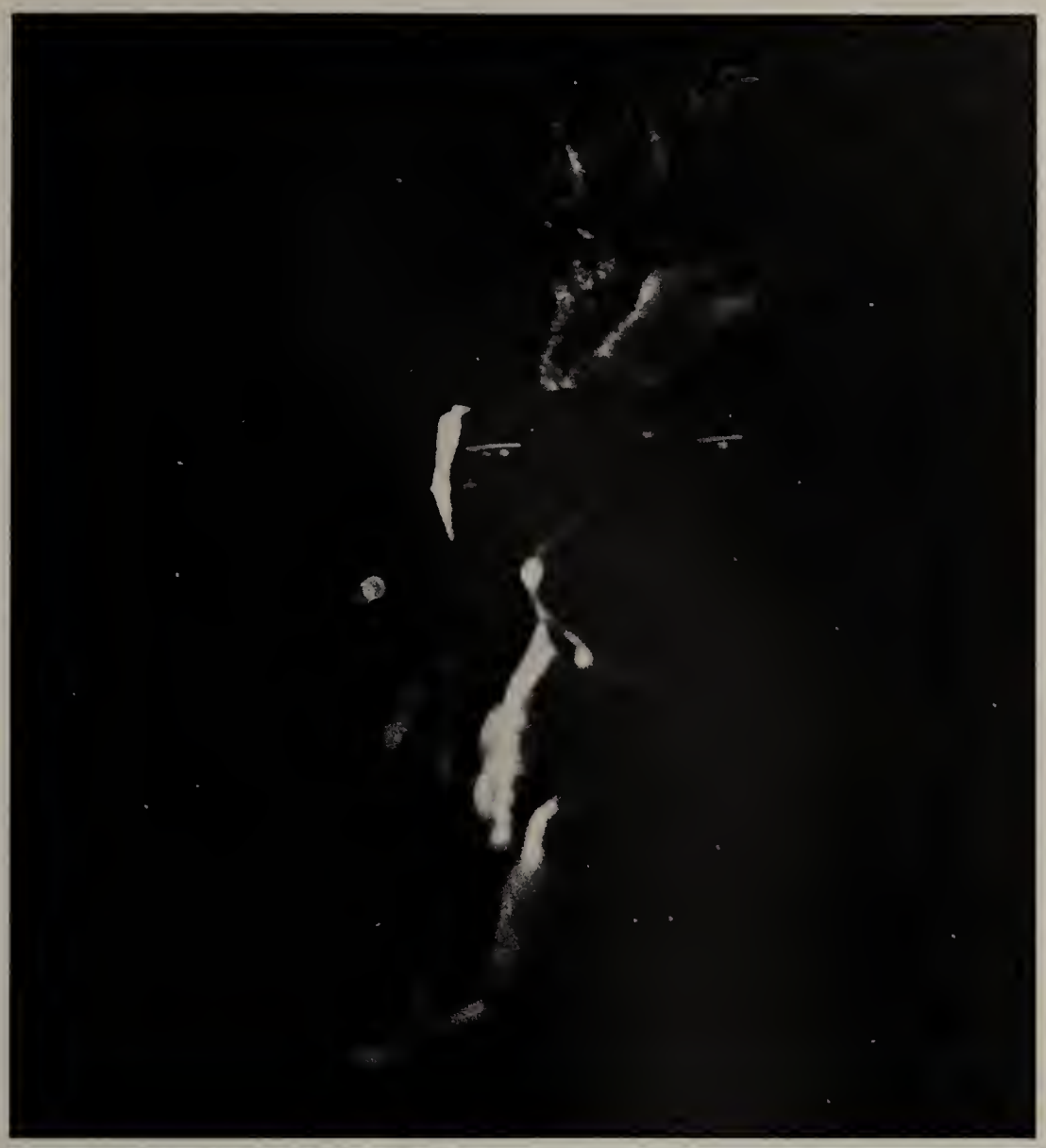
BRANDEIS

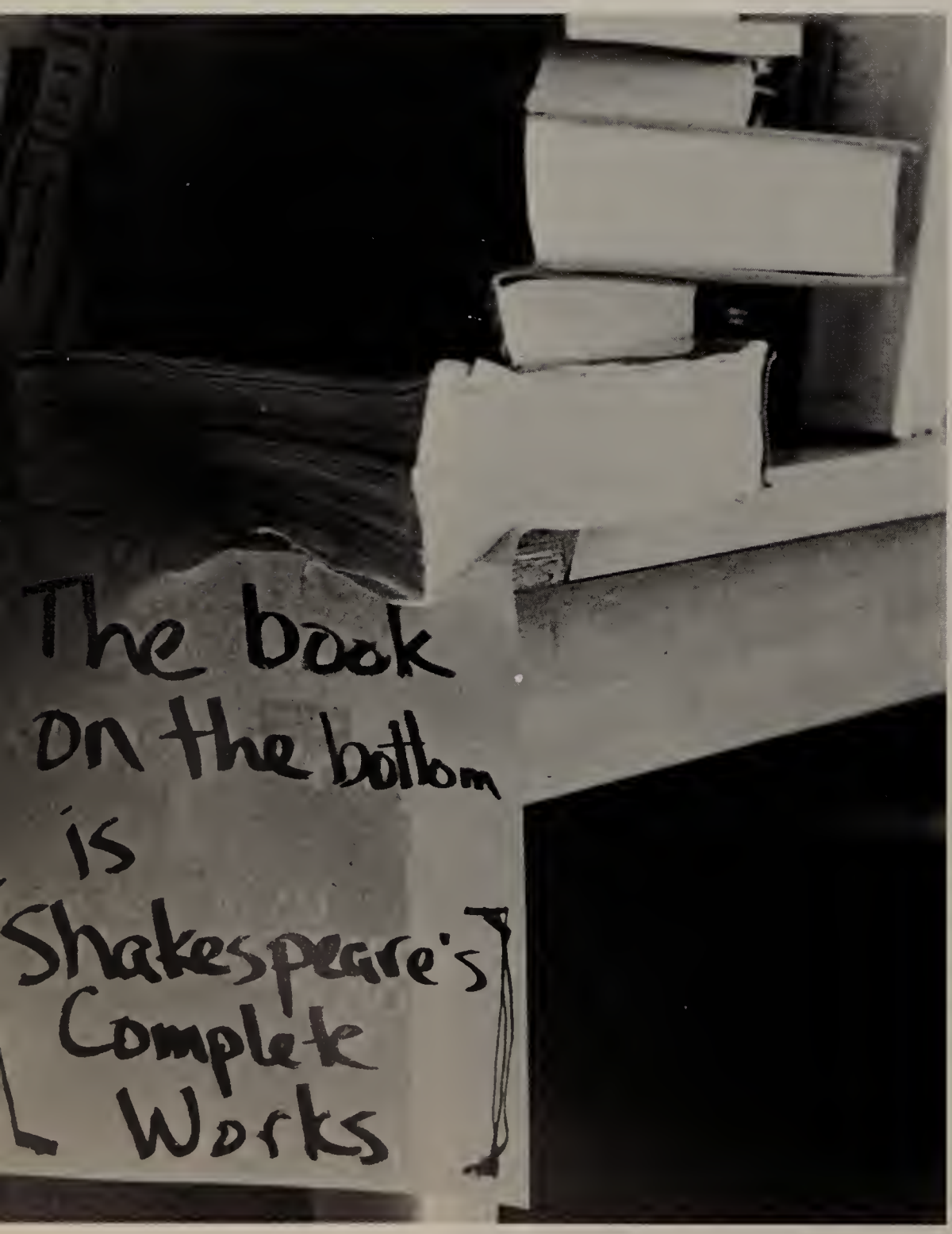
810

TUFTS








The book
on the bottom
is
Shakespeare's
Complete
Works

SUPPORT AUTO STRIKE
NOT LIBERAL POLITICIANS
$
DETROIT NOV.3
END THE
OPPRESSION
OF WORKERS
DETROIT NOV 3

Discover man with cigaboos—he is in need of help. We have found him—we have no cigaboos. He is ours—we have met the enemy and he is. Besides the fact, so am I. We're here. Excuse me—cigarette just went by, not unnoticed however. Vedy, Vedy CROWDED! Remember the strike? Just like the first night. If Ginsberg spoke for a week, the crowds would diminish at successive meetings. (Remember the strike?) The fucking floor is hard. People changing positions every forty-five seconds. Does no good. Both of my feet are now asleep. Jeff informs me that this is Bostonwide. Rather that the event has been publicized throughout the Boston community. This fact is well-known by the immense size of the crowd which has yet to stop growing.

Oh my God, it's Saul Levine—No it's not. It's Allen Ginsberg. Sheila introduces him.

Chanting? Gotta see this. Is this a lesson in Indian linguistics? Star-Spangled Banner. DUN DA DUN DUN DUN DUN. Open your mouth please and say Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh hhhhh. When is this thing gonna stop?

Pass the cigarette please.

The entire audience, except Stu and I, refuse to admit that this rots.

I now pronounce you man and wife. Now raise your hands children. OK kiddies, it's story time. DADAAAA. What is this, a football rally? He sounds like a real savage.

Can a stream of consciousness be of any

value as a form of poetry? Perhaps it can convey the mind-wanderings of oneself which occurs in the split second following the mention of one word—WAR—e.g.

He seems to begin with one word and slide to another hundred thousand ideas—Ah but that is a STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS. Does it pass as an art form? Follow in your codebooks and tune in later.

By the time he's half through you forget what he originally started talking about. —No—he reminds you. Yet he brings it back—that is his strength—It is harder every-time and the others are mentioned, but he exaggerates the original as they do in the dirty word—Pollution—he has said it again—Great—Great. He ended it with it.

Good—war—Good. Speak that is.

Quick short comment—comments great—History—great.

Baritone Dylan—Future—Great—like the past. Simplicity—Perfection.

GET BACK TO THE GARDEN

Definitely—shades of Joni Mitchell. Great—Just a mental description—Great. This started with history and has continued with the above editorial. GARDEN GARDEN GARDEN—He says it. I am there.

Look how horribly few shorthairs, says Jeff. Aha—I've counted four. Nyah, Nyah! Very few.

Everyone is baited waiting for his every word—Eating, Digesting—Circulating— Assimilated. Done. Clap. Great. Simply Great. Simple Simplicity. Simple.

Someone else sings for twenty minutes.
Stick to poetry Al.
Blake wrote and you just can't sing it.
Innocence.

Some people have the guts to leave because they're honest. I can't leave. I am honest on paper yet I stay because duty has called and I of course responded accordingly. My job, stupid, my job.

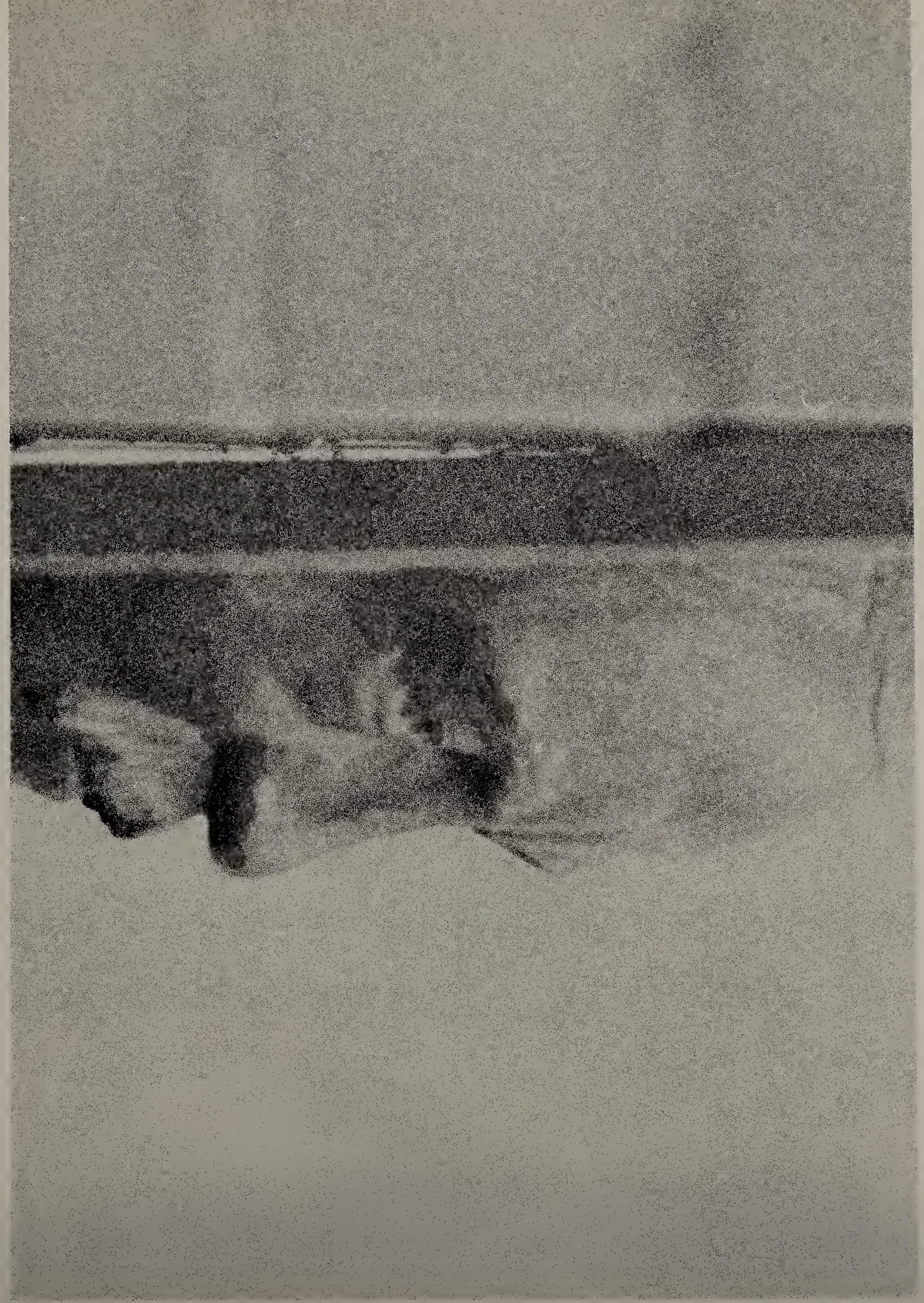
Chairman of the Bored.

People are getting into the complete absurdity of it.

Hoardes of people leaving. Please, may I go? 10:00 Blues.

Gotta go Al, gotta go.

Neal Checkoway



GODDARD CHAPEL
1862

On my first day of student teaching I was introduced to my class and was promptly greeted with a chorus of "Good Morning, Mr. Massar." After ten weeks in my sixth grade class, I was called many other names, many of which were not quite as flattering as Mr. Massar, but it was all part of the most rewarding experience of my college career. I was no longer dealing with the facts, theories, and sometimes fantasies of the college classroom, but with the Samuels, the Yolandas and the Lillians of Boston's Abraham Lincoln School.

Henry Massar

Abraham Lincoln School
Karen
Grade VI Room 307
January 13, 1971

OUR STUDENT TEACHER

One day in November, a strange man came into our class. Then our teacher, Mr. Howard, introduced him and told us that this stranger would be our student teacher until January 15. His name is Mr. Massar.

He came from the Tuft University and he came to our school for education.

The first few days, he just taught us arithmetic. As the days pass, he taught us more and more subjects. After he came, we go to physical education twice a week.

Sometimes after a few minutes, he fools around with us again.

Yesterday after the geography test, Lillian was getting noisy, and when Mr. Massar told her to be quiet, she talked back. So Mr. Massar told her to stay after school.

Now Mr. Massar is leaving this week. We are sorry that he has to leave, because after he is gone, we wouldn't have that much fun. We are going to miss him, and we hope he will come back to visit us again.

THE HUMAN PiG

By ANTHONY Yue

This is Ernest Chin, he is the fatest boy in the room. He always make us laugh, because he always ~~poke us~~ blows his nose very hard, and makes alot of funny noise. I am a very unlucky boy, because I have to sit in front of him. When he coughs, he spits on my back. He uses alot of napkins each day. The whole box of rakin in our class is all gone just because of him. He eats alot at lunch time too! His sandwich is two inches thick and he eats in just three seconds. That's why we call him a pig. He have a very bad habit, that is when he get a new school pen, he always chews on it. When he lost a pen he always could find it by looking for his teeth marks on the pen. Isn't he a dirty pig?

What Happen to Daniel in the Dark

by Julio Lee

Daniel was scared in the Dark who will keep him company?

When Daniel was feeding his cats, his father and mother and cousin went home. When he went to open the t.v. just then everything went black. When he went for the flashlight he forgot to lock the door. Just then the wind blew the door bang against the wall. And he got scared, but when he went to the living room he turned on the flashlight and looked around and found the door open. Then he went to the door to close it. His cousin came and he slamed the door in front of her face. When she knocked nobody came to answer the door. When Daniel went to sit he fell over the stool, then when the light went on the door knocked again. This time someone opened up the door, and she asked him what happened, Then he told the whole story.

Alonso Jurado school
grade Public 8
Brooklyn January 14, 1971

The world of pollution.

All of this pollution is a shame.
There is nobody in the world that cares.
Pretty soon if nothing gets done about it nobody will be left in the world I wish They invent something to stop the pollution Invent machines that will not smoke. There is plenty of smoke in the world today All these smokestacks and nothing is done about it
Maybe when I grow up I will invent something that will stop the pollution

HOLLAND

Dear Mr. Massar,

I am trying to let bygones be bygones but I still think of you very often. Would you come back to see us for my sake? We don't have as much fun any more and Mr. Howard is alright but we don't like him. I know you'll forget me when you graduate but for the time now we'll write to each other. Even though you're a senior in college and I'm still in the sixth grade it's all right with me.

Yours truly,
Lillian

I would like to be a stuffed animal because I like to be huddle and cuddle with a baby, so they can feel the warmth and feelings of there hearts.

Arlene

I would want to be a big rock, so greatfully standing. The waves going and coming. When the waves come, the rock feels happiness and when leaving great grief aspires my great admireer.

Karen

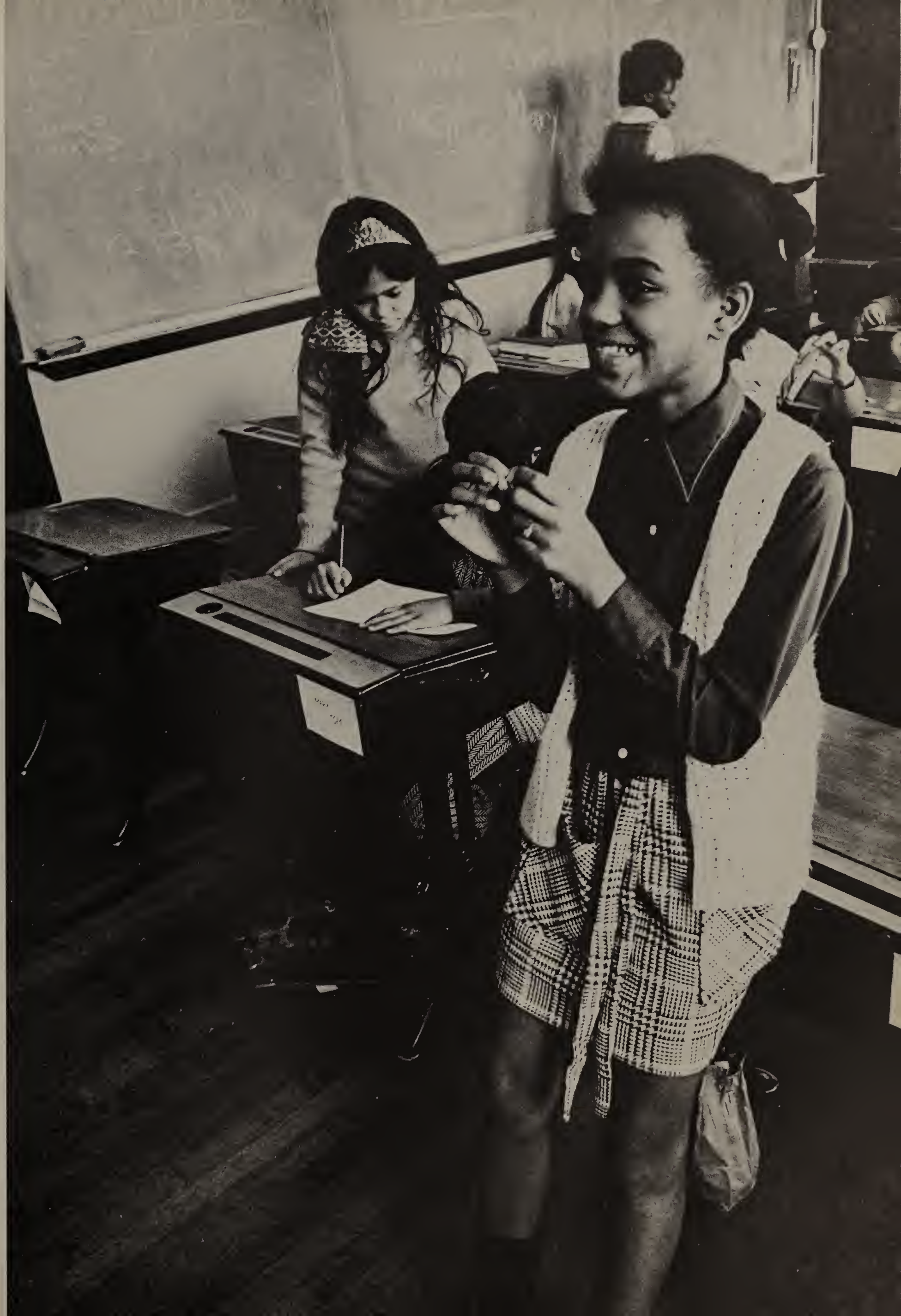
I'll would like to be james Brown and I would make more money than he would and I'll make more records. then I would like to be one of the riches man in the world. then I'll make the poor people richer. and then I would like to be a fashtion designer and meke more clothes than you think

right on brother—Eugene

Dear Mr. Massar

How are you. I think I miss you and you only leave me about 5 hour ago. I'm writting the letter after I just have my supper. I think all of us is going to miss your kindly and extra . . . We are really enjoyed you been here. Maybe some of us don't and and kind of made you unhappy. But I don't think they mean it. If you going to move please send me the postcard and your new address.

with a lot luck from Ernest



The mighty buck, his venerated horns sharpened to a needlepoint, plunged headlong into battle with the young unbroken stag. The animal kingdom of boars, owls, mice, lions, and fellow bucks and stags quickly gathered round to witness the struggle. Though the onlookers hissed, roared, and cooed as the buck showed his agile strength and tenacity, they still admired the animal for what he was. The stag proved that he, too, was intrepid and strong, winning the confidence and support of many around him.

The contest was fierce, with the seasoned buck often gaining the advantage through well-timed turns and lunges. The stag remained defiant and brave to the end, creating a suspense in the kingdom. Who would be the victor?

Unwilling to risk himself any longer, the buck carefully disengaged himself and hurriedly left the scene. But the stag remained behind and with quiet pride, spoke to his admirers.

"Although we cannot believe in the buck's ways and means," said the stag, "we must still respect his force and ability."

Most of the animals agreed and went home.

340
Lay's
POP CORN
POP CORN

No Deposit, No Return

State of ephemeral exhaustion, limp arms hung down from the bed. Mindless static. Loud music was beating, humming, pounding, pronouncing its own unmistakable rhythm. Nothing, pure and unadulterated. The din of semi-consciousness carried me back into the unconscious . . . Swimming quickly, I caught a wave that picked me up and threw me out of the water with trampoline might. Suspended in mid-air for a weightless moment, I came back down hard on the wave again. Gaining speed as the crest broke suddenly, I rode out the crushing wave, somersaulting on sharp rocks and coarse sand. I laid flat on my stomach for some moments until the ocean slid away. Slowly I gathered myself up and looked around for her body; I saw nothing but the tiny crystals of thin white sand. I was left alone, scraped and bruised, left alone naked with the sun. High in the blue sky, it was beating down on me, pounding my head, making it throb so I thought I was going to scream.

I managed to open my eyes. It was still blue and sunny outside, except the sand had been suddenly replaced by snow. Stubby faced and swollen-eyed, I was the experiment in domestic living as I stumbled from my room to the john. I saw that the two stalls were occupied. "Shit," I muttered. "Are you guys almost done?"

"Hi, Dodd," the cheerful voice came from the first stall.

I didn't answer. I turned to the mirror and gave myself a long hard look. Too acquainted to be shy, too resigned to be disgusted, my eyes met their counter-eyes. They were brown and red—all four of them. I rubbed them a few times and got the count down to two. "There now, that's better." I said to myself as I grabbed my brush and toothpaste. Silently, the light green ribbon came out to meet with the tiny white bristles, patiently performing for the millionth time. I stroked my rough face and gave a thought to shaving.

"It's all yours, Dodd," Frank Strafello called out happily. He gave it a good flush.

"Th-thanks," I mumbled, as I stumbled through the gate and lifted the seat. I stood there, reading the graffiti—Flush hard, it's a long way to the White House—trying to relax. Finally, a wave of bliss swept my body and a small shiver of delight shook me. A tingling sensation down in the abdomen, then a stream of sound—tinkle, tinkle, hisss, hisssss, tinkle . . . It was on the way down as I stared at the ceiling while my eyes rolled around for beautiful happy seconds . . . and then it was over—I shook it to make sure. Satisfied, I stuffed it all back

in where it came from, and slowly backed my way out.

Dressed twenty minutes later, I locked my door and ran down to Hillside, nearly killing myself on the ice. I realized while studying the menu that I had idiotically locked Phil in the room.

"What'll it be, buddy?" Jay had his glasses off and I wasn't quite sure he was talking to me. As he was slightly cross-eyed, I looked around me to see if there were any other possibilities.

"Veal cutlet sub, with p-peppers," I said quietly, not wanting to risk making a fool of myself.

"What was that buddy? A roast-beef sub?" He put his glasses back on.

"No," I laughed nervously. "A c-cutlet sub!"

"A corned-beef sub? Is that it?"

I nodded my head.

"Large or small?" he asked.

"Large, please."

Turning my head toward the window, the glare of the noon-day sun shadowed out everything on the street. I heard a bus rolling to a squeaky halt, and then blast off again, leaving a trail of black suffocating smoke behind it.

The sun and the glare, the warm sunshine on the beach was cuddling my body, keeping it alive and away from cold. I remembered the wave—the gleaming nonsensical perception that threw me off completely. I was just laying there quietly, all circulation having come to a halt. A crest wave, a smile and a gaze from her lips and eyes, a crest wave's gentle lift, hovering and suspended, coming together now, higher and finally breaking with a foamy hiss, letting down as smooth as a glider landing on a noiseless field. Our bodies were left on the damp sand, naked with the sun clothing us, keeping our skin and warmth close, together.

"Corned-beef sub, buddy," Jay announced as he threw the plate on the counter. "You want anything on that?" He took a long draw on the cigarette he was fondling.

"Mustard, a lot of mustard, and some p-pickles, please."

"Heavy on the mustard and pickles," he echoed me. "Here you go." He threw it back in front of me.

I nodded thanks and took my first bite. Jay stood against the milk machine—the cow, he fondly called it—and watched me slobber the sandwich. I looked away and studied the menu prices on the wall.

"You're a sophomore now, aren't you?" He was scratching his ear furiously.

I shook my head. "A senior," I smiled, thinking of all the years I had come in here, Jay asking me wasn't I a senior, and me saying, no I'm a frosh, no I'm a soph, no I'm a junior. Finally, when he gets his chance of a lifetime, he blows it.

"So you'll be graduating in June?"

"Hopefully."

"Gee, I forgot to ask you what you're drinking. What are you drinking buddy?"

"Water."

"Large or small?"

I looked at him for a second. He was carrying this large or small thing a little too far. "Large, please." Everything was divided into Large—good! and small—not so good, Oldsmobile payments, mortgage payments, color tv payments, and insurance payments. I really felt sorry for this guy, as I finished my sandwich and left him a check for a thousand dollars on the counter.

"Bye Jay."

"See ya' buddy."

Walking along Boston Ave, I thought of nothing, I thought of the whole thing—the crisis of identity and management, like the time I walked into the Jumbo Bar and the fatman insisted I give him three id's before he'd serve me a glass of water. I showed him by Boston Ski Club Card, last year's Tuition receipt, and my ticket stubs from Disneyland. I couldn't understand it—he still wasn't satisfied that *I was positive about who I was!* I felt like asking the guy to prove who he was, the old cow. But that wouldn't solve anything—indeed, what does?

I came upon Sweet Hall, the "R" pulled down from "NOTC" and thought back to Freshman English classes held upstairs, those irascible professors doing their necessary dirty-work.

"Now children, I am standing up here because I am smarter than you are. If you were smarter than me, *you* would be standing up here. But seeing as you are not, you will lick my ass when I tell you to. Is that understood? Miss Marcy, did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, Dr. Irwin."

"Well then, what are you waiting for?" he said, as the class tittered like kindergarten kids. "That will be all now, Miss Marcy. Thank you."

Good old Sweet Hall, not so sweet after all, I started up the stairs leading past North Hole. All those wonderful section meetings for Psych were held in that underground closet. I remember the loony experiments in the name of science, some of which you got paid for,

PEPSI
ANGELINA'S

others of which were course requirements.

"Now Mr. Bogatz," she instructed, "I'd like you and Miss Rosenberg to begin in exactly five seconds. One . . two . . three . . four . . five . . . now!"

I looked in Rosenberg's eyes, and saw nothing but the lids. This was some way to get action, I told myself as I puckered up and found her lips. I sat there for science, my head stiffly tilted and my lips awkwardly extended. I thought of the sensors attached to my arms and head, and what they might be doing during this incredibly long period of time, when I had nothing to do but kiss this nice looking, but obviously inexperienced jewish guinea pig, who was probably doing this for the same reasons I was—kicks.

Starting to melt the ice, I began rubbing her thigh absent-mindedly, she responding equally as casually, caressing my neck, starting to breathe harder. I stroked her thigh faster now, moving my lips about, loosening hers, pressing our mouths even closer, soon my tongue was searching out hers, inviting a touch and tingle, a titter of delight. Before long, she was moaning, as she swayed to and fro on the couch they had provided for us, I was bringing her into a reclining position.

"Please, Mr. Bogatz, you must remain vertical during the experiment. Please Mr. Bogatz, the apparatus cannot tolerate horizontal movement. Mr. Bogatz!"

I had Miss Rosenberg on her back, her legs spread generously apart, both of us were heaving and sighing, oblivious to all else but ourselves.

"Miss Rosenberg, the experiment is over! I warn you Mr. Bogatz!" She finally gave up on us and stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Not hearing anything but Rosenberg's hot breath, I hiked up her skirt until it was over her waist.

"Oh no," she panted wildly.

"Oh yes," I replied fiendishly, pulling on my moustache.

The rest was history, I smiled, zipping off the top of some juicy fruit. I threw two sticks in my mouth as I walked through the parking lot up towards main campus. I glanced over my left shoulder and saw the smokestack billowing out black clouds of suffocating smoke—digesting my garbage, beer cans, and "Sunday New York Times". By feeding that monster, I was polluting my own lungs, and yet I was helpless to stop it. Was it my fault that I produced ten pounds of garbage a day, fifteen on weekends? Certainly there must be something I can blame it all on. There's always Tricky Dick and his sidekick, the Flying Banana—Spiro T.

I was late as usual. It was at times like this that I knew I was

misplaced in time, yet it all really didn't make a damn bit of difference. Hell, I got parts of me that are nineteen, six, thirty-four, twenty-eight, and five months before, inside. It's not the specific time I'm talking about—it's a feeling, any feeling, which has drifted through me, coming from past, future, or present directions. I'm speaking of the life before all of this started, when it was simple; when I could enjoy you and you could enjoy me, just enjoy me for what I was—nothing, and that was just enough to be happy and content with monkeybars, elm trees, and ring-o-levios.

They tell me it's got to change. In fact, I'm too late again . . . it already has. It's uncool to be you, to be direct and natural. Like "Did you miss me?" Sure, you can ask your dog or pet goldfish and get the answer you want. But ask the girl you met in the library with a name sounding like a record being played backwards—Nils Yngve Wessell—and she'll look at you. "What?"

"I said, did you miss me?"

"But I don't even know you . . . well, just hardly, that is."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, I guess . . . no, everything! How can I miss something I don't know?"

"Am I a something?"

"No Dave, you're a person, a very nice person."

"Dodd," I corrected her.

"That's what I meant—Dodd—you're a very nice person and I'd like to get to know you better." She cut herself off and just stared into my eyes, searching for a clue to the strangeness I was emanating. Her lips started to move as if she was going to say something, but her light brown eyes were wide and preoccupied.

"Then what are we waiting for?" I asked quietly, smiling the corners of my mouth.

She looked puzzled. "What do you mean, what are we waiting for?" Still the eyes were in mine.

"About getting to know each other." I took a step closer. "How about . . ."

"Well Dave," she pulled back an equal distance, "I have this paper due Friday, but maybe . . ."

She disappeared into the Reserve Room. I was left with the bulletin board of current events—all those groovy things to do, like taking a fellowship in Perry, Antartica.

So how can you blame me when I eat two or three cantelopes at a sitting and get warm over *PLAYBOY*? Those interviews really turn me on. Like the one with Grandma Moses—strictly porno! Don't know how

it got by the censors. Just luck I guess. Almost like falling asleep at the right time and dreaming and dribbling all over your girlfriend's cheek. Nothing dirty or repulsive about it. Just messy, slightly reminscent of those earlier days on the white towel draped hastily over her shoulder.

"Now take it easy Dodd, it's all right. I just want you to lie back and relax," the man kept telling me over and over, as if *his* head could begin to understand *mine*. I was groping for two shoelaces to tie together, to make some kind of connection in this incoherent existence of mine, and when I finally did, I stumbled flat on my face from trying to run with my sneakers tied.

But I never really have any choice in the matter anyway. I mean, what else is there for me to do but sit through classes, get out of bed, fall asleep again later, eat somewhere along the line, move my jaw up and down, and wave my tongue about. Talking, looking, laughing, I'm watching the whole thing sideways now, not really looking at it straight with two eyes open. It's something like a horror movie that is hysterically funny and yet so disgusting you have to peek through your fingers to watch it—like the butcher scenes in "MASH*."

I haven't decided what to do about it all yet. I'm in what they call the "interim process" now, getting things together on my back and in my head, finding out what I need and what I can leave behind. I think I'll be going to . . . well, maybe not there but certainly a place like . . . oh who cares! I'm still busy packing and can decide later where I'm really going. I mean, we're all going somewhere, have these secret and not so secret wishes to break out of the web and fly off to the promised land. It's just a matter of time. That's just what the shrink said: "It's just a matter of time."

Fifteen minutes late for Professor Zichlin's Shakespeare class, I stopped thinking about all this time business and started thinking about my "entrance". Zichlin had the funny habit of leaning up against the door while he lectured, as if trying to keep people from looking or coming in. I was always embarrassed to be late, especially since I was so horridly consistent. The thing I was most afraid of was that look—the one the old professor threw me when I finally got my coat and sweater, books and notebooks settled. Certainly, this was some incentive for coming earlier, but something in me obviously didn't agree. Though I made sure not to miss any classes, just missing those fifteen minutes three times a week meant that in actuality, I had passed by nearly a third of his lectures. After sitting through the next fifteen minutes, I often wished that I had been thirty minutes late.

Nonetheless, all this expectation was racing through my mind as I bounced up the stairs of Eaton. Taking a quick swig of water from a

convenient fountain, I stood before the door and saw Zichlin's back through the wired glass. My hand trembled as I squeezed the door knob and slowly pulled, I mean twisted it open. Predictably, the old professor moved away from the door, but while doing so gave a quick glance over his shoulder. Seeing it was me, he suddenly resumed his leaning position against the door, as if nothing had happened. Imagine that! My own professor locking me out! Why, I was flabbergasted, embarrassed, angry, and overjoyed all at the same time. Nevertheless, if he was out to challenge my bravery, I was ready for the test. Taking a deep breath, I pushed the gates of freedom open, and headed for the library roof.

Some minutes later, the issue was still needling me. I reasoned that this man was being paid a fair sum of money out of my tuition to teach me about Ole Will, so why should he have the right, much less the nerve to lock me out? Such a theft of services was not to be tolerated by idealistic me. Accordingly, I turned myself around and marched right back up the steps. Stopping for one last drink again, I abruptly turned and opened the door, cheering myself on by the fact that the good professor was scribbling something on the board.

Making my way through the messy aisle, I felt the powerful look of his eyes penetrate through the back of my head. Nonetheless, I had succeeded in infiltrating his territory and nothing was going to get me to leave—nothing, that is, short of an explicit invitation. I felt confident that he wouldn't make a scene; he knew who he was tangling with.

"Why it was only the other day," he began in his low raspy voice, "that I had the opportunity to attend a lecture by one prominent speaker—a gentleman by the name of, very well-known, an expert in his field . . . what was his name? In any event, I must confess that I found it extremely difficult to sit through his hour and a half talk . . . I don't know how you people do it," he chuckled to himself, knowing that once inside we were his prisoners. To sit and listen to this professor tell witless jokes to himself—they should better use the money to hire more streetcleaners!

I was not only bored with the class, but with my doodling besides. Why it was only the other day when I nearly threw a chair out the window, myself along with it, out of suffocating madness that he was expiring. A smokestack of sorts, I realized once again that I was perpetuating the system, feeding old crows like him fossil fuel for pollution and stagnation purposes. But what was there to do about it?

I took up flying lessons. That's right, flying lessons right there in class. I had an instructor give me lessons—at eight bucks a shot no less—on how to fly a Cessna 150, a single engine dipshit sort of plane,

complete with wings, propeller, and wheels, when available.

The first lesson was a real panic. I was playing around with all these controls and suddenly found I was three thousand six hundred forty-three feet off Mother Earth. That's a long jump, I reminded myself, especially considering the fact that I had no trouble whatsoever in taking off; landing, to be sure, was another matter.

We were approaching the field, about three miles due south, when I discovered that my instructor had fallen fast asleep, his hand buried in his crotch, his legs clamped tightly together. "This is some time to be napping, you couldn't wait until we got down?" I told him as I shoved him. Nothing happened except that he snored louder, seemingly determined to remain unconscious now that he had succeeded in becoming so.

"It must have been those yiddish jokes," I said to myself as I tried to pick up my left foot. Rather than panic, I decided to pick my toenails—a surefire thing to relieve frustration and tension. I decided on the left one since I had done the right one three nights ago, in the library no less. Getting the foot up to a pickable position was no easy proposition, but as always, I somehow managed. No sooner did I get the foot up when I felt the aircraft tilting at a weird right angle.

"Oh," I said in complete surprise, although I had harbored a deep suspicion that something like this might happen. I abandoned my foot and concentrated on the aircraft. I was having trouble keeping it level mainly because I was having a problem with visibility. There were three big black-birds sitting on my windshield, holding a friendly chat, enjoying the ride.

"Shoo!" I said, hitting the windshield. They continued to talk and didn't so much as even flinch. A few seconds later, one of the fatter ones turned and looked at me with such disdain that I almost felt ashamed I had dared to disturb them. Then coming to my senses again I yelled, "Get out the way!" shaking my fists at their disinterested, upturned noses. In desperation, I flung on the windshield wipers at slow speed, hoping that might turn the trick. Hardly the case, they merely moved down a bit, and began cackling. Frantic, I switched the wipers to high speed, knowing this would have no effect.

Whether it was the change in rhythm or simply their own whim I shall never know, but somehow the big black blimps suddenly flew off as abruptly as they had come. I congratulated myself on overcoming this crisis, and settled down to the more basic issue of landing. Seconds later, a big SPLATT! hit the windshield like a mushy snowball, except this was gooey birdshit which did not melt away. Now I really started getting nervous, my hands sweating so badly the steering

wheel was like a bar of wet soap, my left eye twitching wildly like it wanted out—NOW!

I started singing, "We shall overcome, we shall over . . ." as I made the final approach turn with my nose squished up against the windshield. The turn was long and wide, allowing me to make the long approach like Sky King and the Oreo Cookie always did. I cleared all the beautiful trees successfully and now was but a mere three hundred feet from that beautiful black asphalt. Up until this point the whole thing had been a game, like learning to drive in a simulator and running down all the pedestrians accidentally on purpose. Now it hit me—the moment of truth and asphalt was rapidly approaching and this was no joke. I panicked.

"WAKE UP YOU FAGGOT!" I yelled at the top of my lungs into the faggot instructor's ear. Nothing happened except I fancied I heard it reverberate inside his head and exit through the far ear. "An echo chamber," I thought. "How nice." I was tempted to try it again but was distracted by something else.

Twenty feet above the runway, I was still going down when I realized I hadn't found the brakes to stop this meschugena machine. I searched the control panel frantically for "BRAKE" or "EMERGENCY BRAKE," while periodically looking out the window to watch the runway go by beneath me. As a last resort I thought of even sticking out my foot, but then I remembered that my hushpuppies were practically brand new and didn't want to ruin them. What could I do? My mind raced for an answer before it was too late . . .

"Mr. Bogatz, what do you think?"

"I'm going to crash," I mumbled and I braced for the impact.

"I beg your pardon . . . I was referring to the line: 'I found no man but he was true to me.' "

"Oh." I crashed with a loud BAROOM! exploding into a big slushy mess. I heard the fire engines coming.

"You are Mr. Bogatz, aren't you?" Professor Zichline went back to his class list to make sure.

"Yes, I am." I turned to the girl sitting next to me and gave her a "what the hell is he talking about" look followed quickly by a "better yet, what the hell is the answer" look. She smiled politely back at me.

"Can I borrow your book?" I said, grabbing it out of her hands.

"Sure," she answered sweetly.

"Which line?" I asked urgently, shoving the book back in her lap. She pointed with her tiny paw. "This one," she advised me. I read it several times over, but nothing came into my mind.

"Well, it um . . ." I began articulately.

"Is Miss Schwartzwald here?" the professor asked, giving up on me. There was no answer. "Is Miss Bone here? No . . Mr. Snider? hmmf." He gave up on the questions and continued the lecture.

I felt a twing of pleasant revenge in the fact that a third of the class wasn't here—anything to cause Zichlin embarrassment. I still felt considerable malevolence towards the pimple-faced jewgirl sitting next to me. I snuck a malicious look at her, keeping my friendly crocodile smile. I noticed the pimple on her nose, becoming quite curious if not infatuated with such a natural deviation. This was really not the first time I had noticed it; no, I'd sort of glanced at it before but now it was different. There was something about that pimple at the tip of her fragile nose that aroused this tremendous affinity, something I hadn't felt for a while. I continued sneaking looks at it for the rest of the period. Towards the end, I was going a little crazy I think, getting the uncontrolable urge to touch it, pick it even. I thought of writing a little note—something like, "Marjorie, you're wonderful, can I . . .?" or, "Margorie, you've got the most beautiful—let me . . ." or if she got the wrong idea I might have said, "Marjorie I love you! Pick mine and I'll pick yours and we'll live happily ever after."

Anyway, I was truly getting my nerve up, even if it was only in my fantasy, when Professor Zichlin let out a loud cough and ended suddenly with his familiar, "We'll pick up next time with . . ." and everybody scuttled for their jackets and rustled notebook paper and nobody heard what he said. Marjorie had the habit of pulling out fast. This meant I had to be ready, me being a slow mover and all. Thus, I hadn't bothered to take off my jacket or unstack my books, though I rarely sat through class otherwise. But as luck would have it, I had one of my infrequent sneezing attacks which lasted thirty-two seconds, giving her just enough time to get away.

"Goddammit," I muttered angrily after blowing my nose on my sleeve. Running out of the classroom, I saw her drop something as she was walking down the stairs of the building. Seeing my chance, I raced down, picked it up, and sprinted over to Marjorie.

"Marjorie, I—"

She looked at me in amusement while I tried to catch my breath. "Well?"

I had the sudden urge to run away, but made myself stand there. "Marjorie I just wanted to tell you—you dropped your kleenex back there on the steps." I handed it to her and smiled shyly, if not a bit triumphantly.

"Why thank you, Dodd. I don't know what I would have done without it." With that, she stuffed the dirty tissue back in her pocketbook and took my hand.

I couldn't believe it! There I was, walking hand in hand with Marjorie Goldenberg, the girl of my dreams, the girl with the shiny pimple on her nose! It was too much for me to believe I tell you, too much for me to conceive of, such a God-Given Miracle as Marjorie taking my own slimy hand into her angelic body.

"Oh Marjorie," I exclaimed in a swooning rapture.

"What?"

I was thrown off balance by her flat "what." "How about a cup of grass, and maybe smoking some tea?" I asked nervously, figeting with a chewed piece of bubblegum in my pocket.

"Perhaps if we could *smoke* the grass and *drink* the tea, I might be able to make it . . ." she replied, most wittily I thought, especially since I hadn't realized my goof. "But not today," she ended, suddenly cold, dropping my hand as quickly as she had taken it. She disappeared into the school store. I was left outside with the dogs.

Standing around for a few moments, I looked up and down the quad, trying to find something that could divert me for a while. There was nothing unusual to be seen—the snow still covered the ground, foiling any attempt to sit and bathe in the sun for a few luxurious minutes. The air was cold and wet, penetrating through untucked layers of wrinkled clothing. I shivered a few times before I realized just how cold I was. Through no choice of my own, it seemed inevitable that I was headed back to the dorms, back to Wren.

Minutes later, I was checking my mailbox. It was the usual—one *TIME* magazine, one Record Club of America invitation, and one envelope from Everett Station, my cancelled checks no doubt. I flew down the stairs and knocked to see if Phil was in. Hearing no screams or shouts of warning, I slowly turned the doorknob and pushed. The door was locked, so I quickly unlocked it and walked in.

In the very same position I had left him this morning, my angelic roommate was snoring away. Tiptoeing over books, papers, and waste-paper baskets, I leaned over the mini-fridge and opened the wooden shades to let some light in.

"Come on Phil, get up." I shoved him a few times, but the snoring continued. I left him along and turned on some sound—Joe Cocker's "Feeling All Right."

"What's all the noise?" he erupted after a minute or so, restlessly turning over and clamping the pillow over his head.

"Come on Phil, it's three-thirty in the afternoon, you ought to get up. You don't want to miss dinner, do you?"

"What?" He took the pillow off his head.

"I said you better start getting ready for dinner, you only have an hour and a half."

"Fork you," he gave me the finger and put the pillow back over his head.

I turned up the music, and started picking up some of the papers and refuse so I could move a little better around our brick-lined cell. "Hey Phil," we've got to clean this place up. Phil!" I shouted.

"Whaddaya want?" he answered without moving, clutching the pillow tighter over his head. Obviously, it was not a very efficient muffler.

"Come on, this place is a pig sty. Would you let your mother step into a room like this?"

He turned around and sat up. "Are you my mother?"

"Cut it out. I can't even remember what color carpet we have because of all this shit on the floor."

"Well, why don't you clean it up?"

"I'd like to, but it'd be nice if you'd help me."

"Later."

"Now."

"I promise, later."

"Okay then, later." I was glad he had successfully postponed the project, for I was in no mood to do house-cleaning anyway.

"How was your day?"

"Bummer." I grabbed an apple and flipped through the color pages of *TIME*. "How was yours?" I took a big bite of the macintosh—it was kind of mealy.

"Nothing too much. I just sort of," he started to laugh, "I guess I just never made it out of bed," he laughed harder, the very thought driving him hysterical.

"What's so funny?" I asked, a bit puzzled by his outburst.

"I think I'm still stoned on that stuff I had last night over at Joe's place. We just sat around after dinner, and smoked this incredibly potent stuff. It was really weird, we just sat smoking our heads off." He stared at the ceiling for a moment and said nothing.

I took another bite out of my mushy apple. Well, what could you expect from a dining hall fruit anyway? "Any chicks?" I asked him, spotting an article on "The Menace of Agnew on and off the Golf Course."

"Yeah, I was sitting with this blond chick, really nice, and Joe was

with her younger sister, not bad either."

"Where are they from?"

"Simmons,I think. Anyway, it was really eerie, kind of uncomfortable in a way, because it totally unscrewed our heads, like really exposed us. Almost like being naked." He brought himself to his feet and noticed he was bare. He guffawed, as he wrapped a towel around himself. As he was shuffling out, I stopped him for a moment.

"Get a load of this Phil—it says here that some guy has introduced a bill in California to forbid Agnew from playing golf there because he's a public menace." We both laughed. "It also says that in Maryland, his home state, some other guy has proposed a bill for Agnew to use only marshmellow golf balls. Isn't that weird?"

Phil shook his head. "Maybe he'll hit such a wild hook it'll come back and knock him in the cranium." He closed the door and headed for the shower.

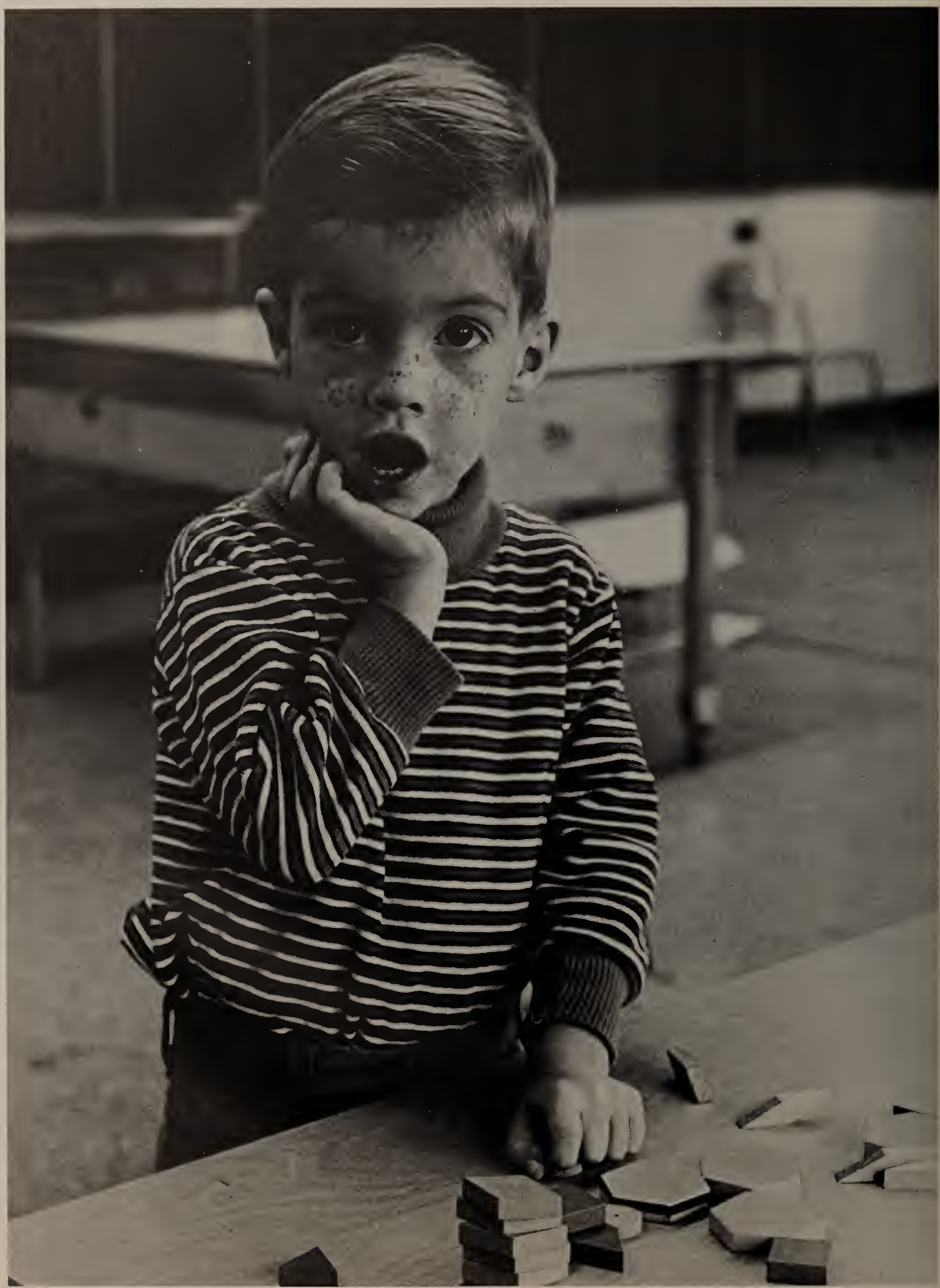
I was left alone in the bare room of four walls, two beds, two desks and chairs, and a small couch. Looking around, my eyes naturally found their way out the window, overlooking the rest of Medford and Boston. The smokestacks, the bridges, and the planes—I raked it over, back and forth. Taking two or three quick bites, I threw the macintosh in the trash can and missed as usual. There were three other cores lying on the floor beside it.

I laid down to rest for a moment, closing my eyes and dreaming of the sun on fine white sand, the green swaying ocean warming up by degrees, soon warm enough for me to splash around in. I thought of her too, laying with me naked on that empty beach that had no name. Just the two of us, there was nothing else outside of our bodies and faces to keep us away from each other. Sighs, visions, fantasies . . .

My mind fell from her to my Father saying, "Now son, I know you can do it if you put your mind to it—it's never too late to make a right decision." Bullshit, I say. Just what's the point of finishing something I never started?

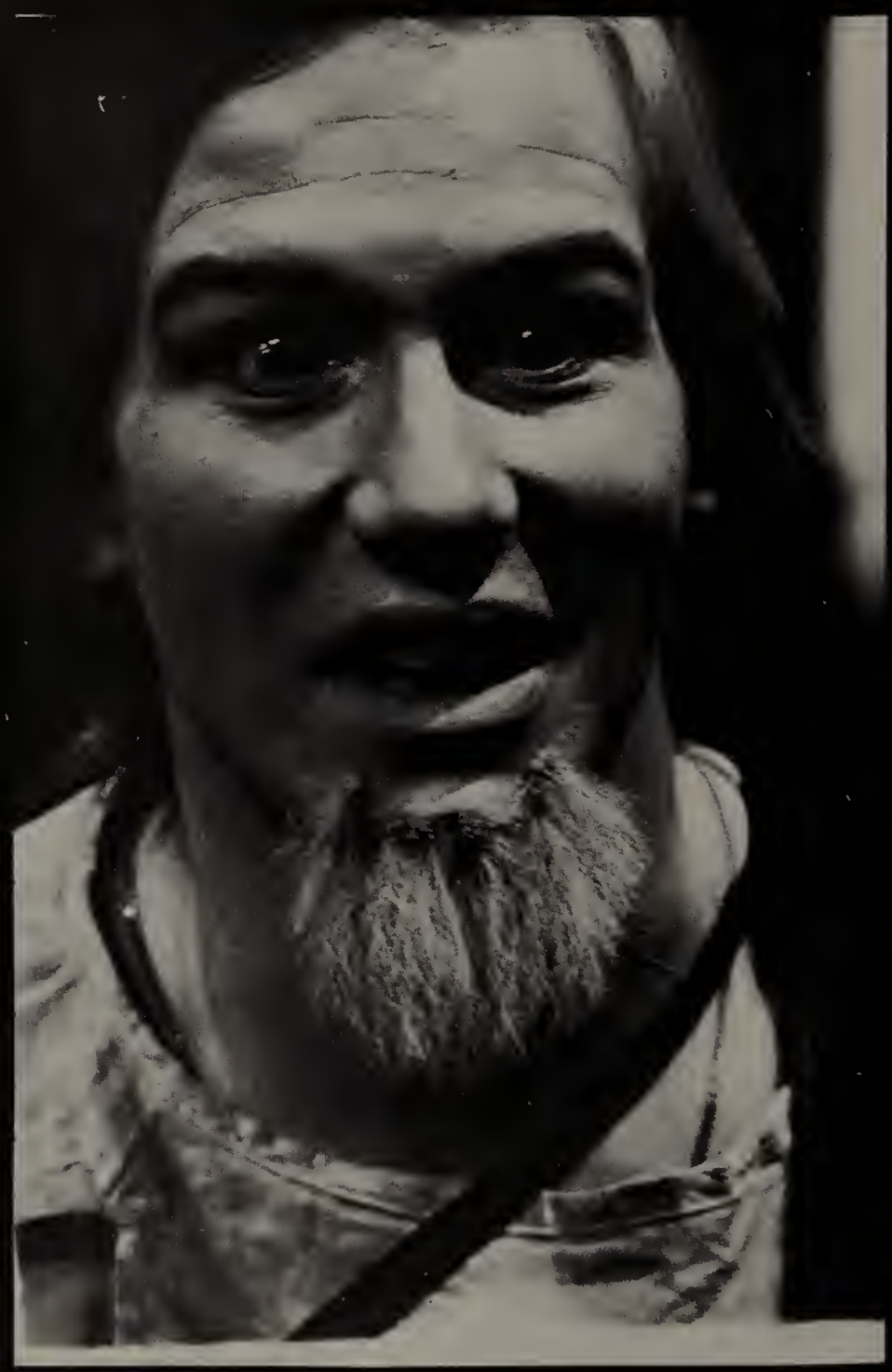
Throwing him out of my mind, I smiled a quiet victory and rubbed her soft arm pressing up against me. The sun made the flesh hot; both us were dripping with sweat. I suggested we cool off and she enthusiastically agreed. We both skipped off for the water, our feet leaving a trail of everything behind us.

Ken Bortner



Theater

H. Radliffe



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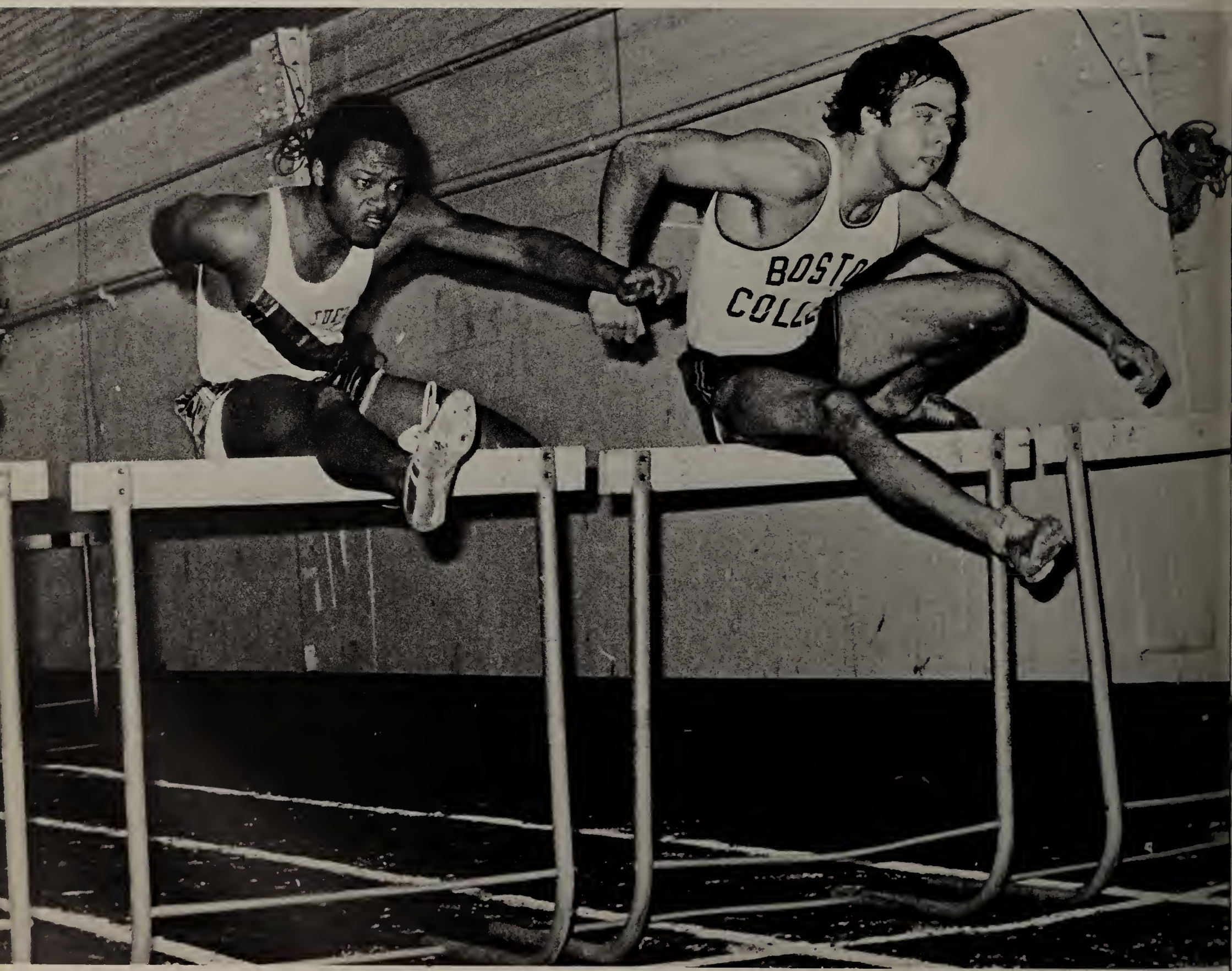
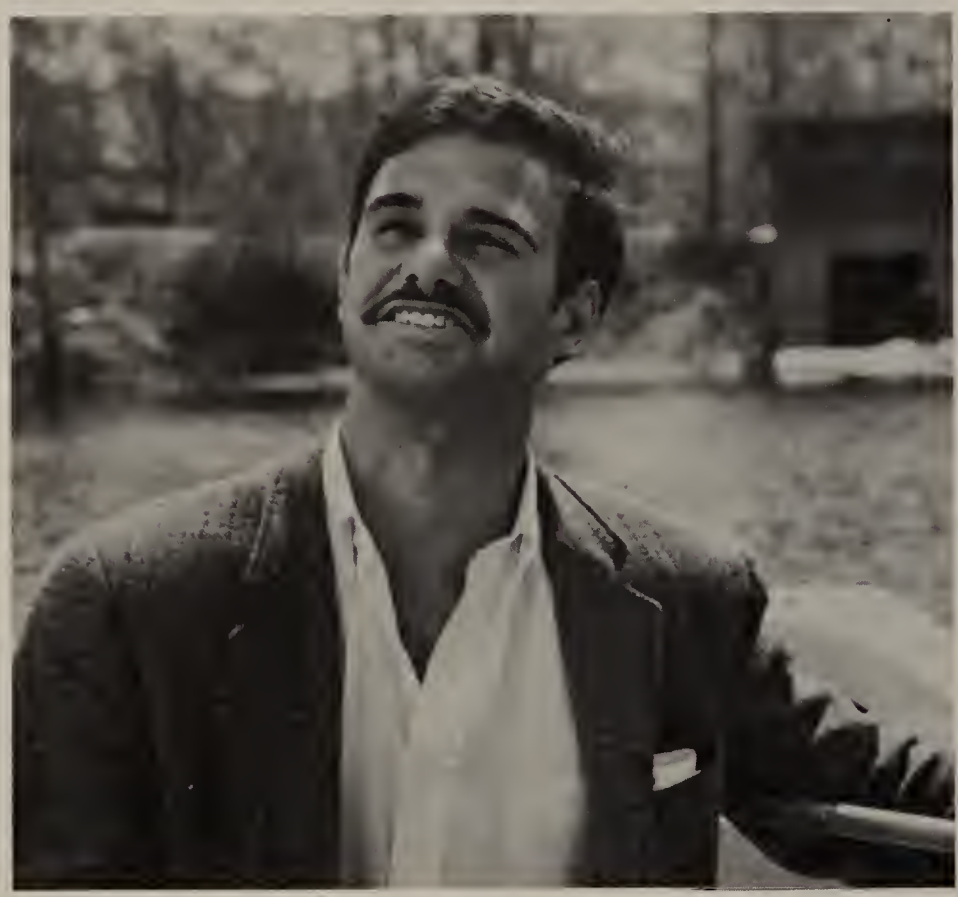

BOSTO
COLLE

TUFTS

Tufts
University
Class
of
1971

Ellen Albanese

Henry Albach



Christopher Andon

Charles Allen

John Allen

Carley Aldrich

Frederick Anderson

Meredith Avola

Harl Aldrich

Dennis Allard

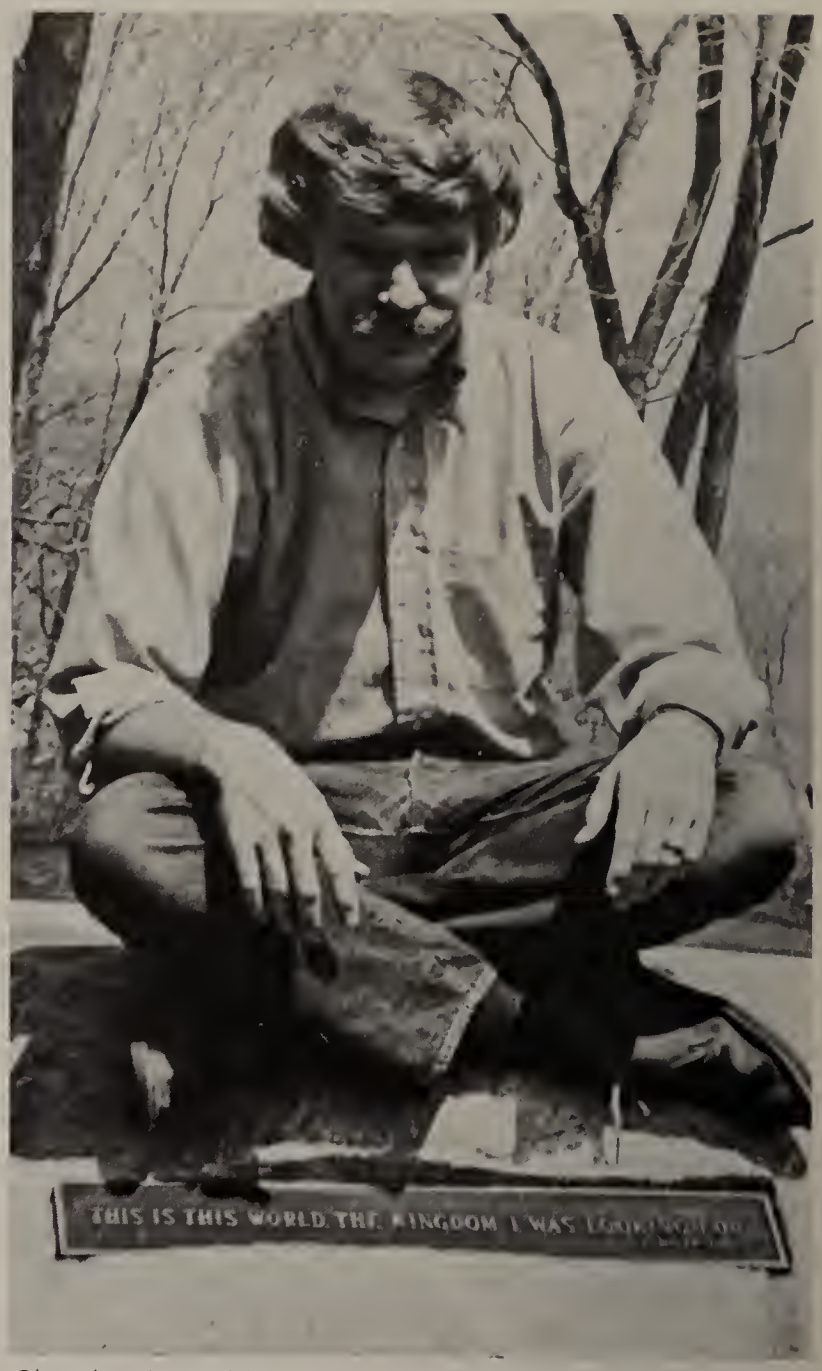
Neil Ayervais

Tina Buck Armstrong

Beth Ann Bornstein

Thomas Bearor

Curtis Brockelman



Cleveland C. Abbe

Martha Buckman

Orlando Albani

John Blumenthal

Jeffrey Brawer

Janet Beck

Robert Bedrosian

Lynda Barness

Monica Berger

Bonnie Belson

Christopher Booth

June Buniak

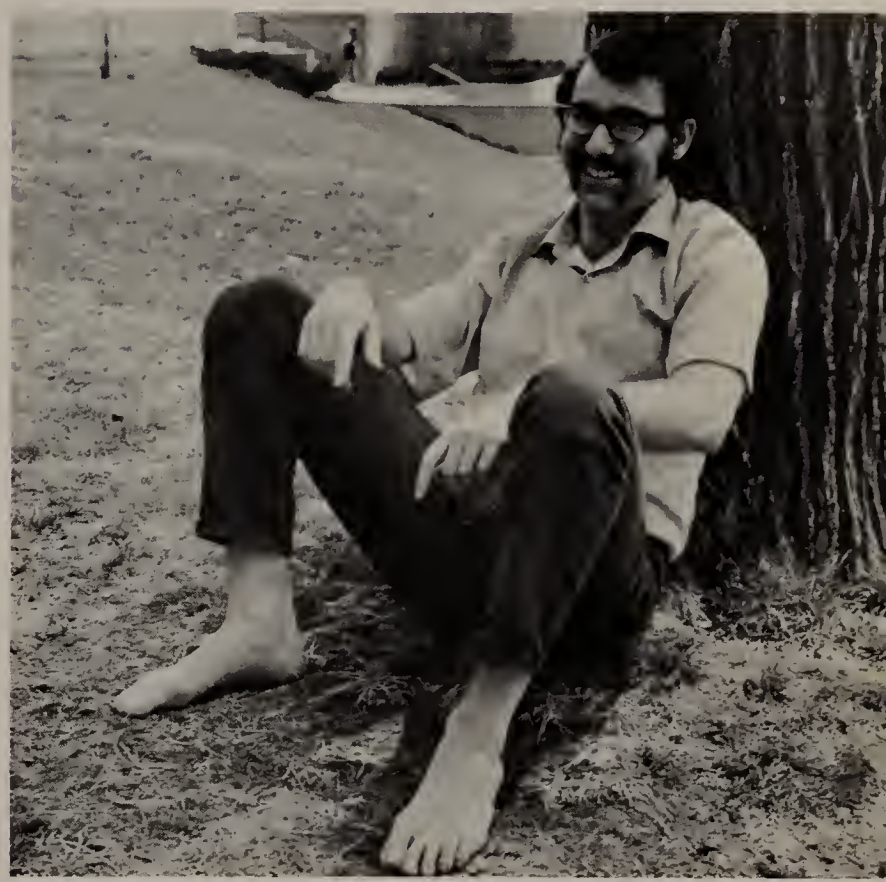
Thomas Breitinger

Walter Binns

Paula Barbour

John Bonora

James Barrett



Tom Bunzel

Peter Baumgartner

Frederic Bernstingle

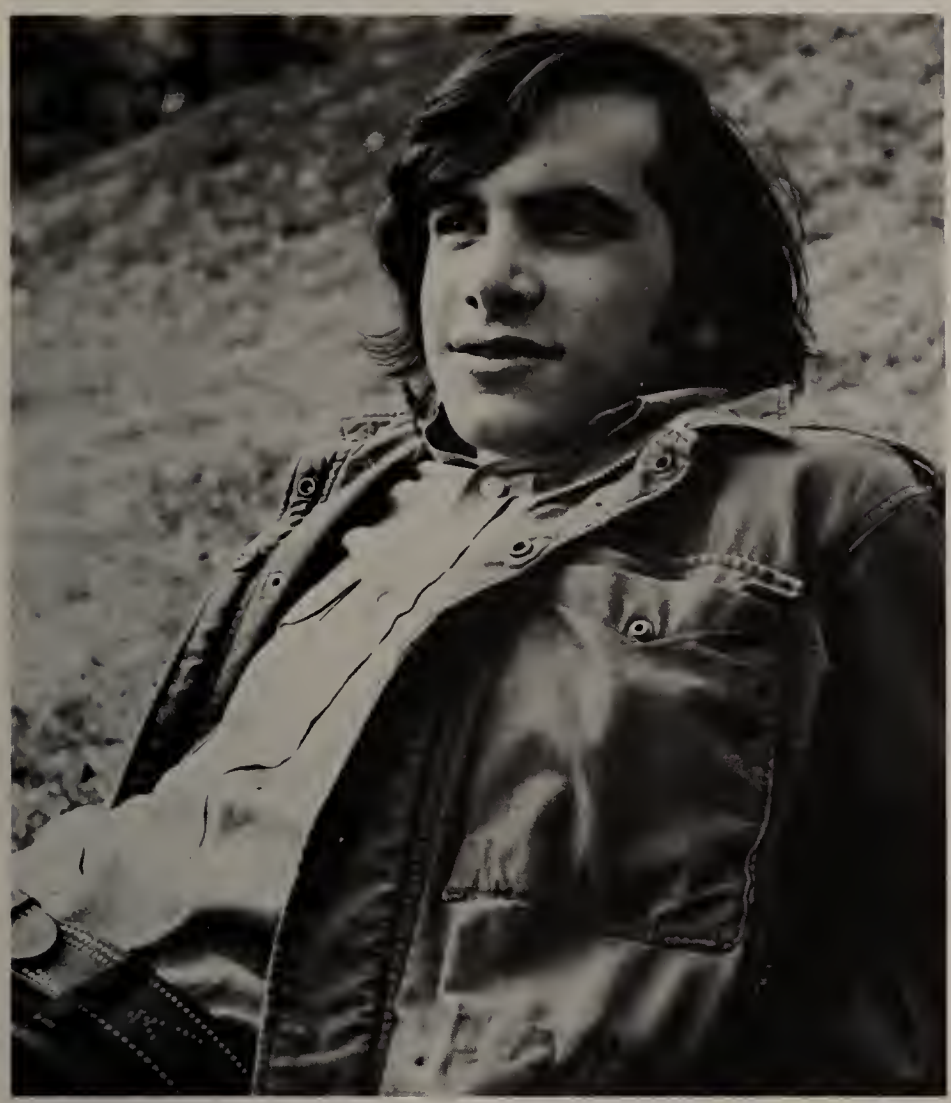
Jeffrey Brower

William Biagini

Donald Bardole

Denise Bonefant

Thomas Burns



James Boscov

Stuart Bassell

Rebecca Boylan

Susan Borghesani

Roy Borden

Peter Bendetson

Gregory Bentley

Richard Beede

Sharon Bradshaw

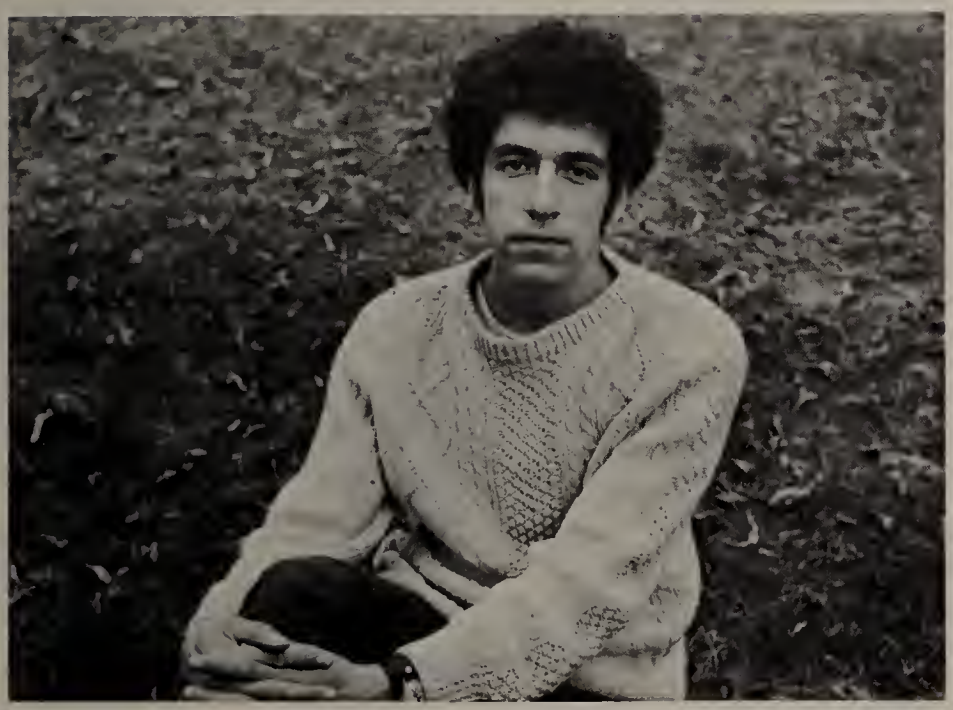
Eileen Boyce

Richard Benson

Walter Benson

Joann Bender

Thomas Buckin



Robert Bergman

Joseph DiBeneditto

Donald Brambilla

Elizabeth Body

Lawrence Cheses

Lawrence Callum

Eileen Couvrette

Marilyn Button

Paul Barry

Lynne Begsley

Thomas Benner

Kathleen Barry

Hillel Cohn

Eugene Bourgoin

Robert Black

John Caldwell

Mariano Cesi-Cittadini

Barbara Corprew

Bruce Chapper

William Crittenden

Anne Marie Cheney

Priscilla Copeland

Janet Coulombe

Susan Callow

Fred Cotton

John Cusack

Patricia Cambell

Robert Cohen

Stuart Caswell

Randall Covill

Richard Caia

John Chiungos

Joanne Chapin

Stacey Cowan

Morris Chandler

Maryann Caruso

David Chisholm

Jane Clark

Edward Christian

Christopher Coenen

Susan Cortwright

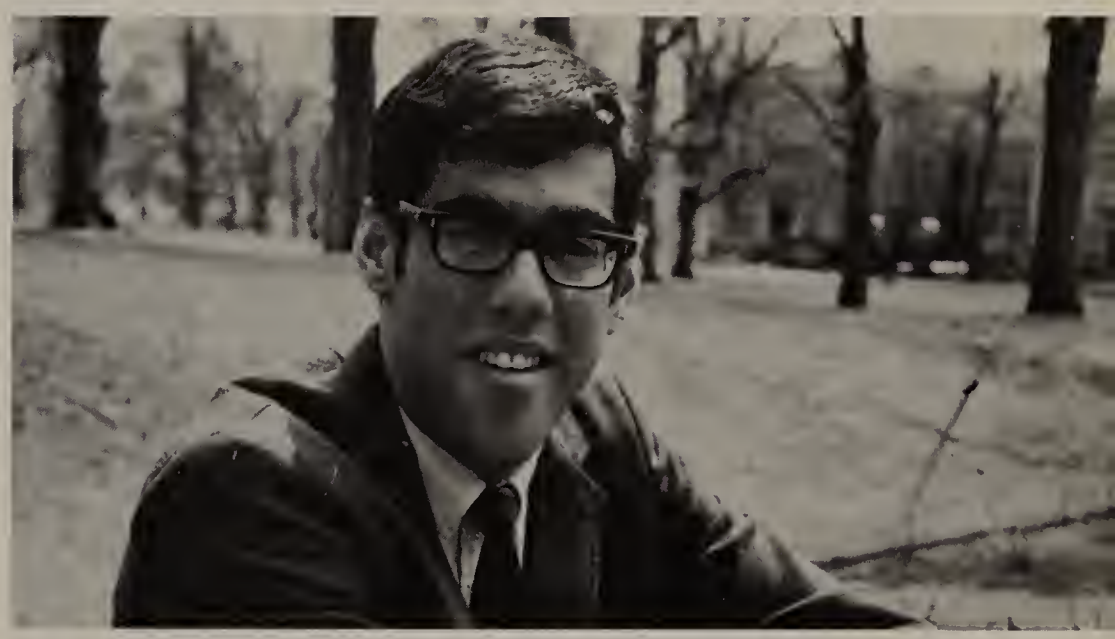
Liela Peterson Chaucer

Paul Conley

Virginia DeLima

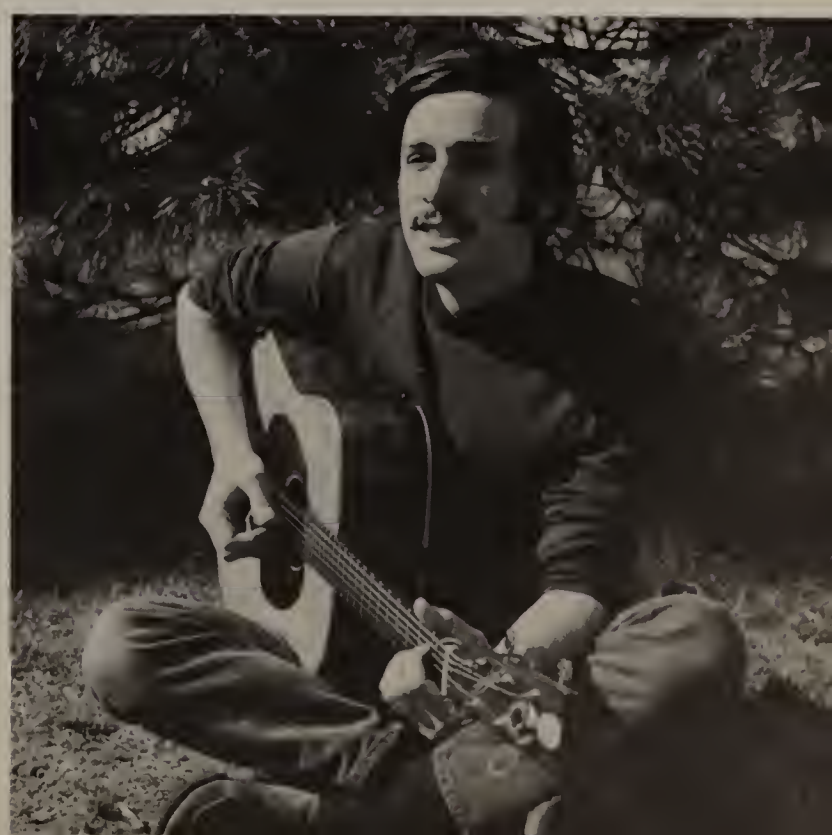
David Curran

David Davidson



Stephen Caswell

Bernard Cohen



William Connell

Janet DeVeber

Pamela Dearden

John Dember

Ray Downing

Jill Davidson

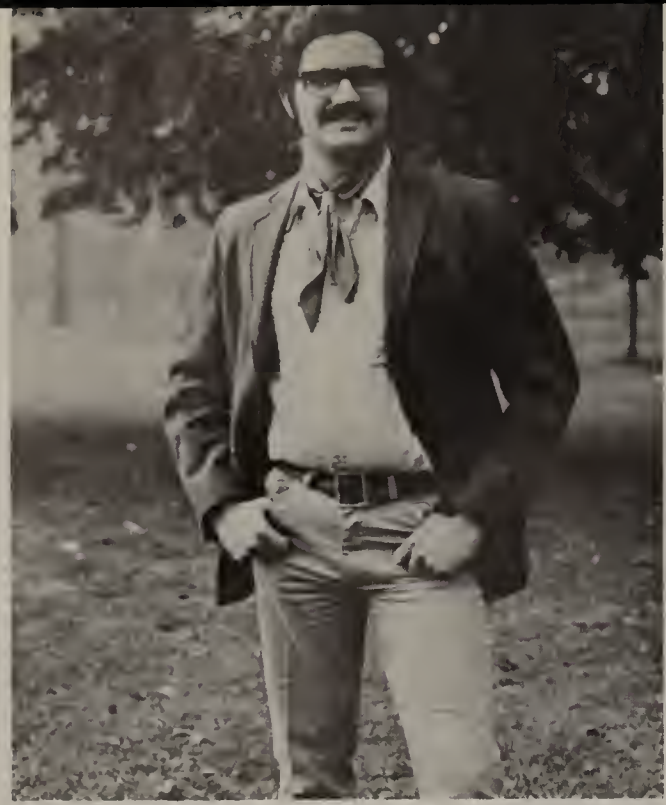
Robert Copes

David Day

John Doucette

Arlene Duelfer

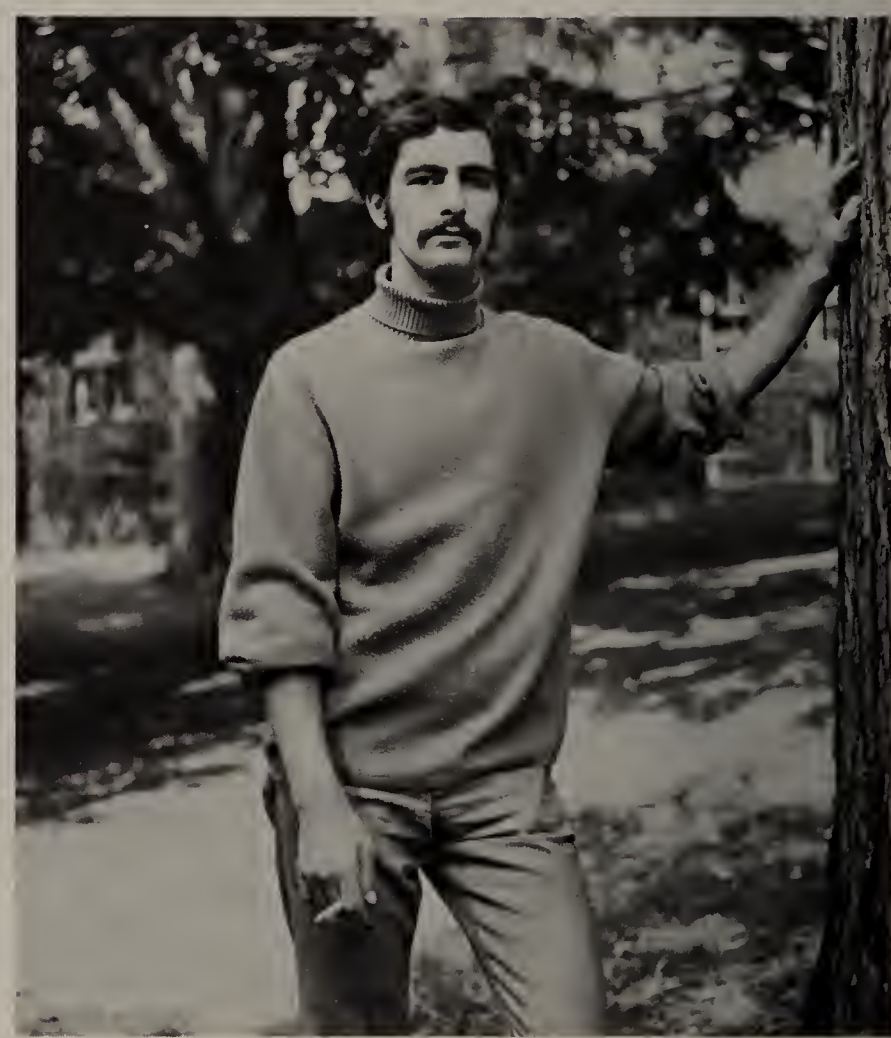
Raymond Dinsmore



Peter Demetre

Victoria Earl

Linda Eng



Edmund Dente

Susan Duley

Lynn Dubrovsky

Katherine Ewing

Steen Esbensen

Jane Eichkern

Susan Eisenhauer

Ina Elphant

Richard Ely

Barton Evans

Christopher Exton

Steve Ettlinger

Barbara Fraser

Bruce Embry

Judith Franzosa

Beth Fagin

Kathleen Frost

Wendy Frank

Linda Furst

Richard Foulds

Sallie Fuerbringer

Kurt Findeisen

Sharon Flynn

John Flattery

Kensaku Fujimori

Frank Filippone

Carol Fiorri

Thomas Fabrizio

Joan Feinburg

Gary Fradkin

Sydney Firestone

James Flaws

Nancy Friedman

Peter Georgopoulos

Anne Gleason

Connie Gibbons

Patricia Fergus

Annmari Gemmill

Karen Graf

Jean-Francois Galy

Sandra Griffith

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James Gilchrist

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Daniel Goldberg

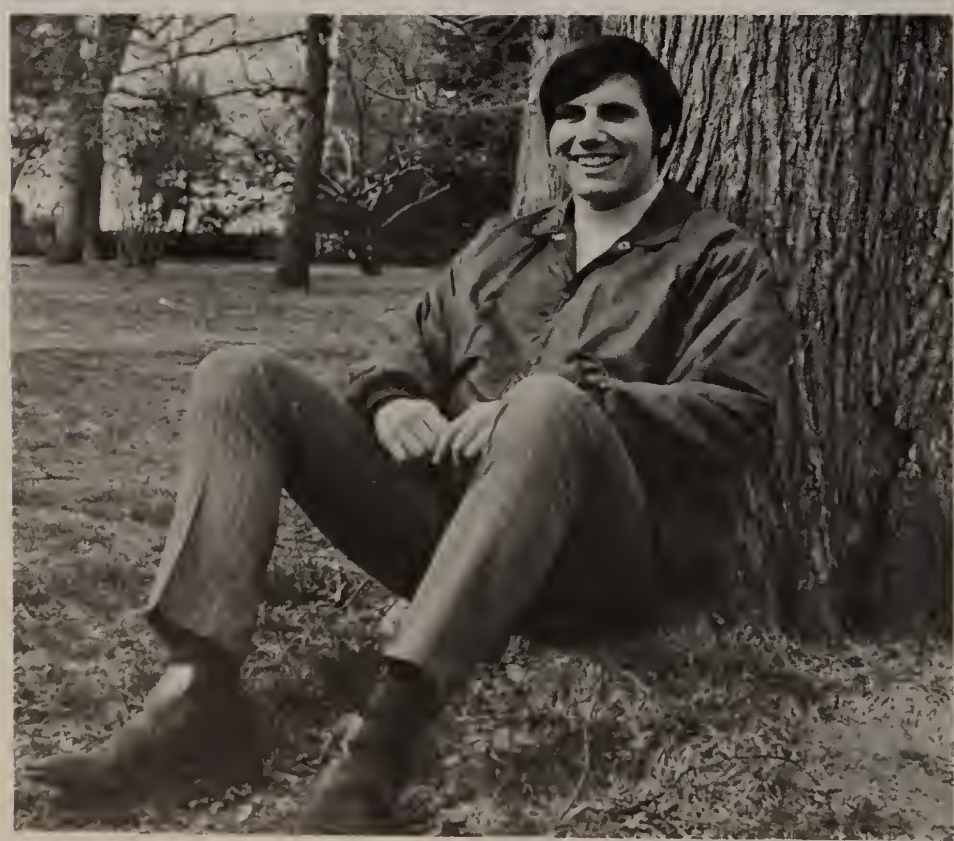
Audrey Griesbach

Richard Glibbery

Susan-Ellen Gryk

Christopher Hardwick

Howard Glazer



William Gruber

Marianne Galuszka

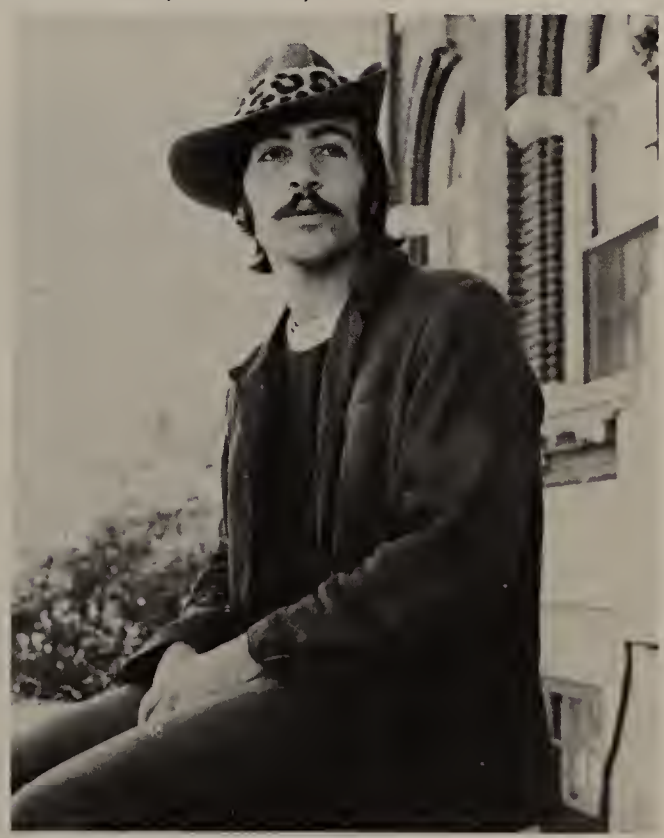
Elissa Heard

Luann Heck

Christopher Hannan

Eugene Hornsby

Thomas Hoyt Godfrey



William Mello

Elizabeth Hewitt

James Jakoplic

Nancie Holden

Joanne Harrison

Ming Ivory

Martha Harden

Jeffrey Smith

Susan Haas

Marc Jablon

Judith Jacyno

Roger Janson

Diane Jaques

Carl Johnson

Naomi Jacknowitz

Marjorie Kaplan

Katherine Jones

Carol Jensen

Peter Johnson

Jumbo

Heather Karmin

Maria Klein

John Korab

Robert Kasameyer

Bruce Kaplan

Louise Keogh

Randy Klinger

Deryl Kipp

Joanne Kaerwer

Harry Koopman

Eileen Good Kessner

Joann Kingston

Bill Lyons

Lawrence Koolkin

Tina Lochiatto

Holly-Jean Kovar

Barbara Krahl

Ingrid Korth

Martha Klapes

Bruce Lord

Thomas Little

Sheila Laffey

James Lanoix

Nancy Jane Lee

Daniel Lincoln

Diane Lambert

James Laramie

Michele Leaf

Frances Lembo

Stephen Leone

Isa Levine

Debra Landry Lyneis

Mark Landes

Ralph Loren

Dave DuPont

Christine Morrison

Paul Lanza

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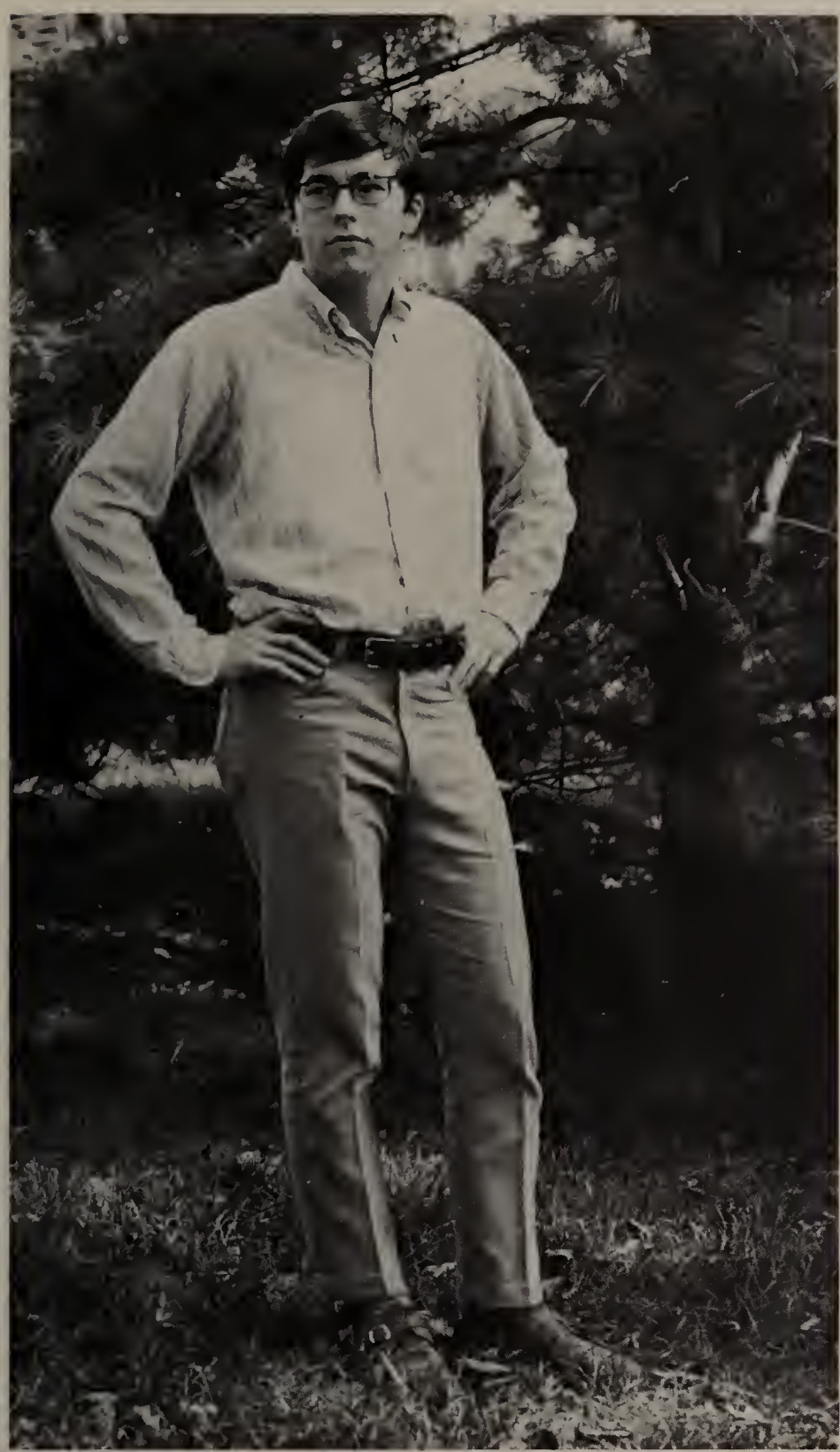

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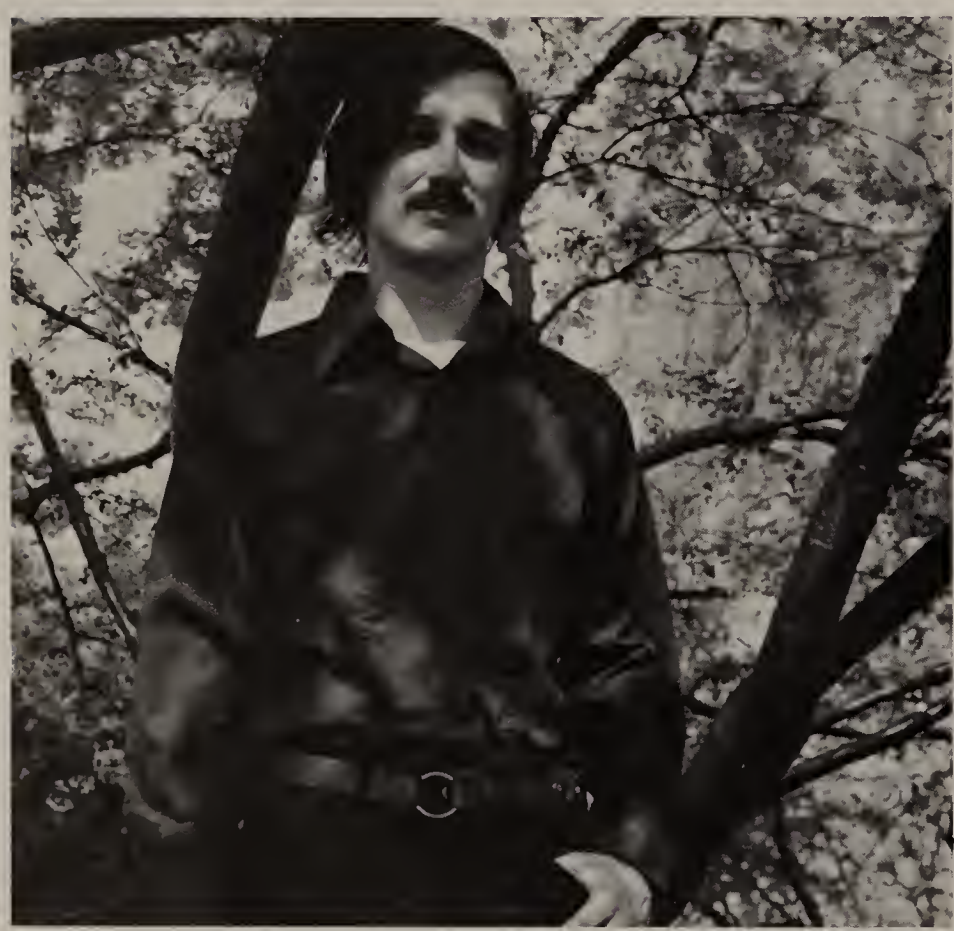

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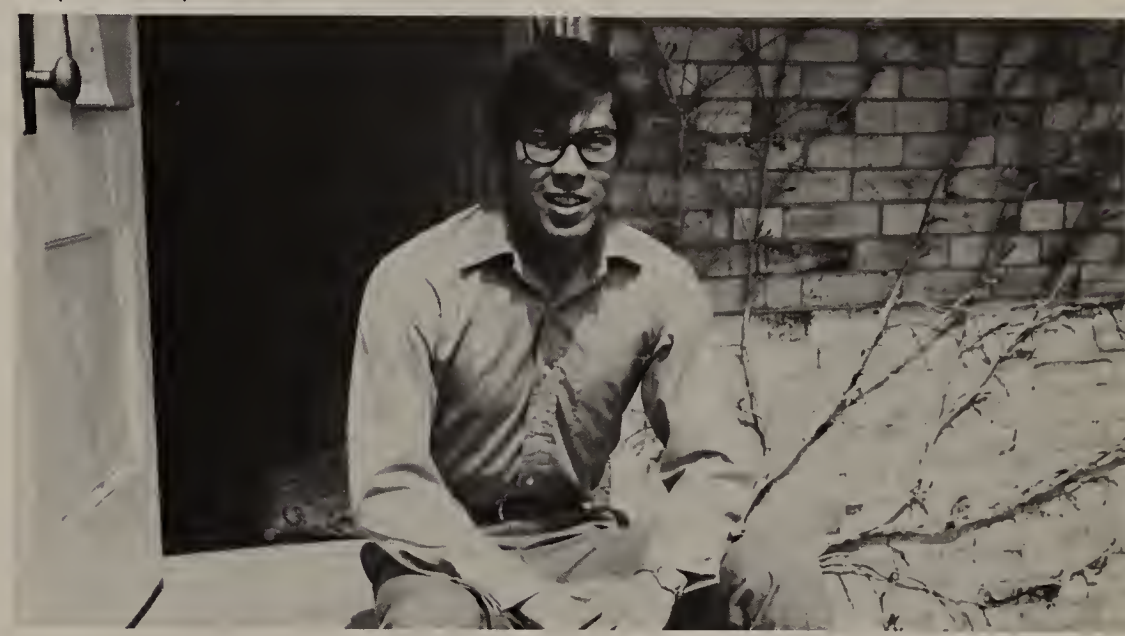

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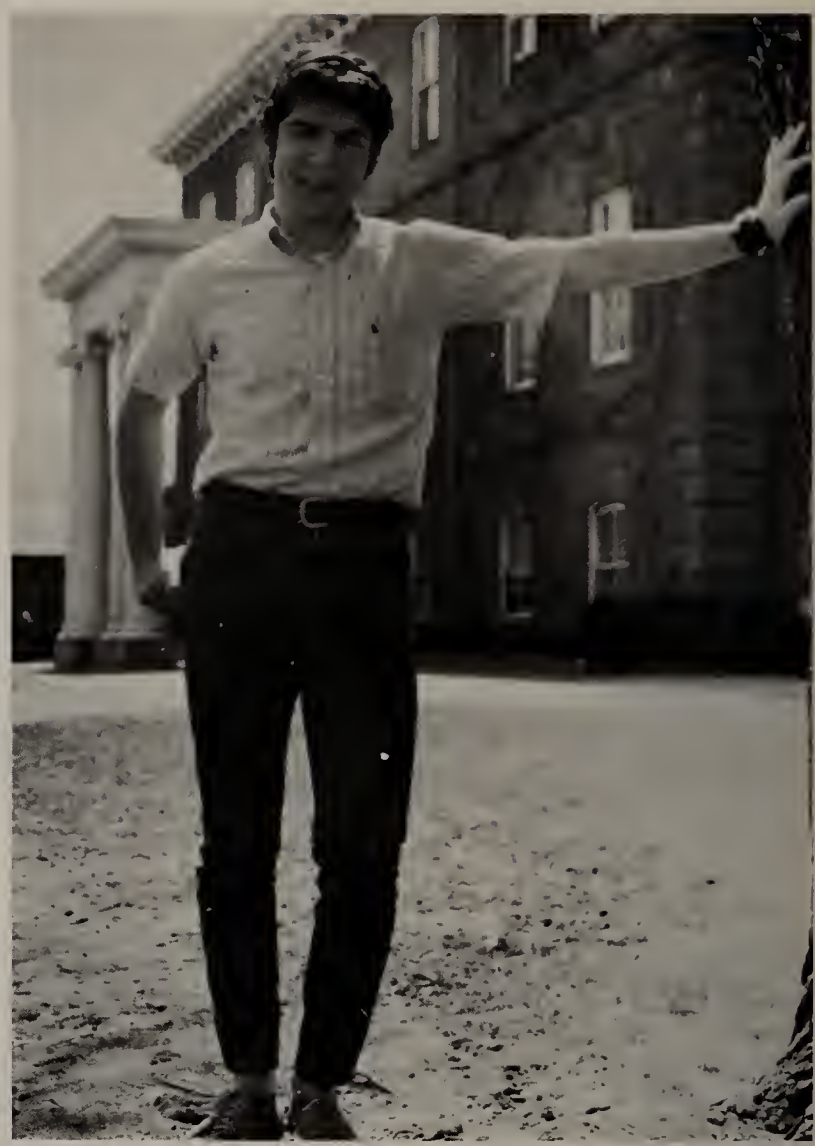

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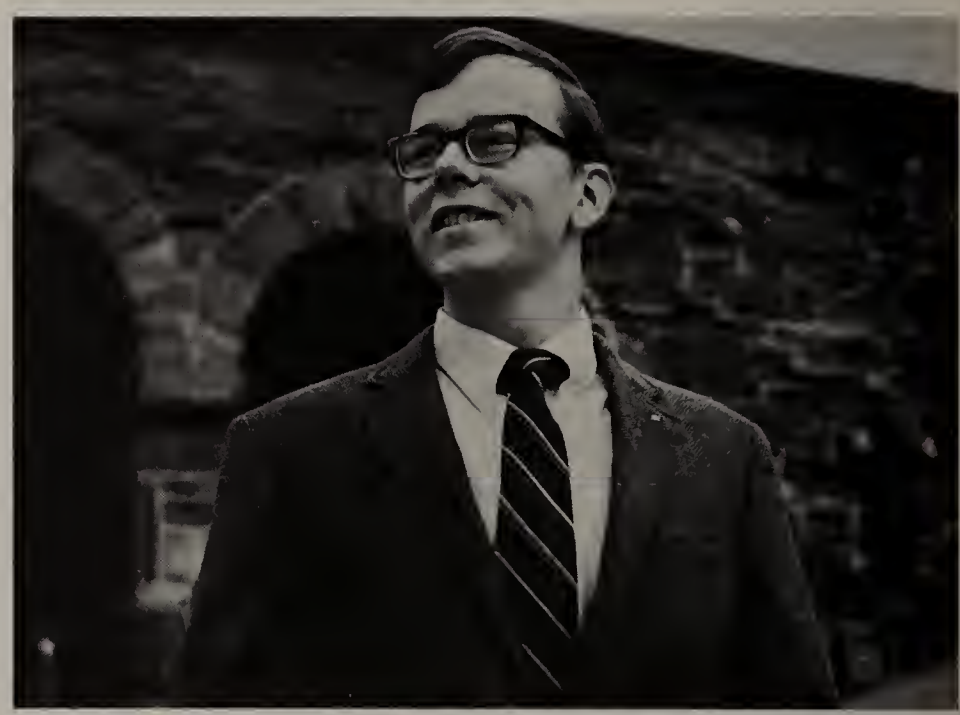

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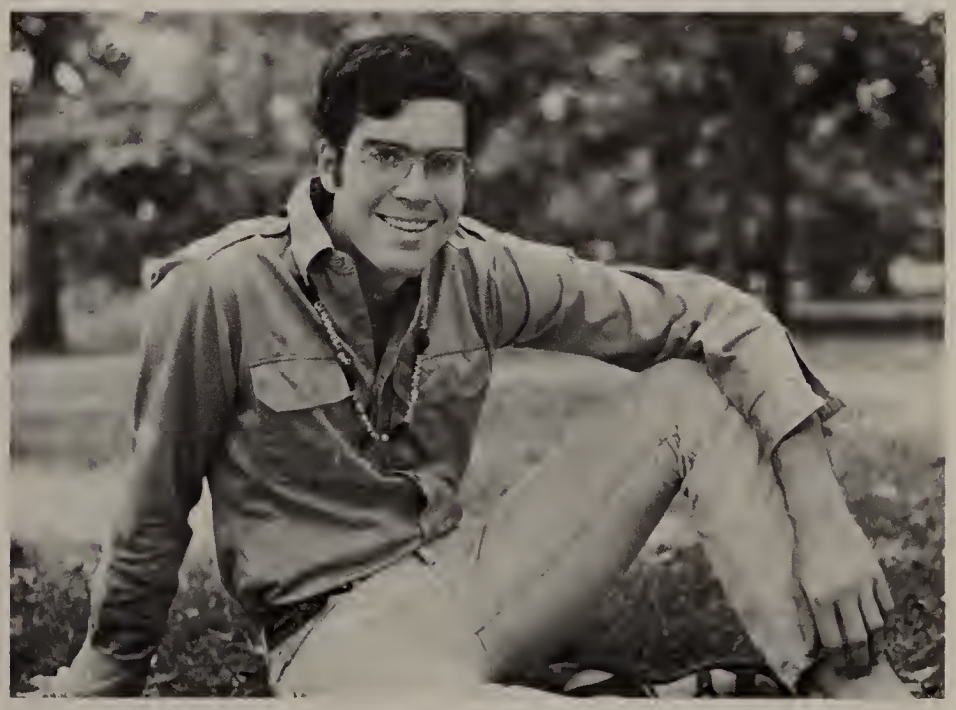

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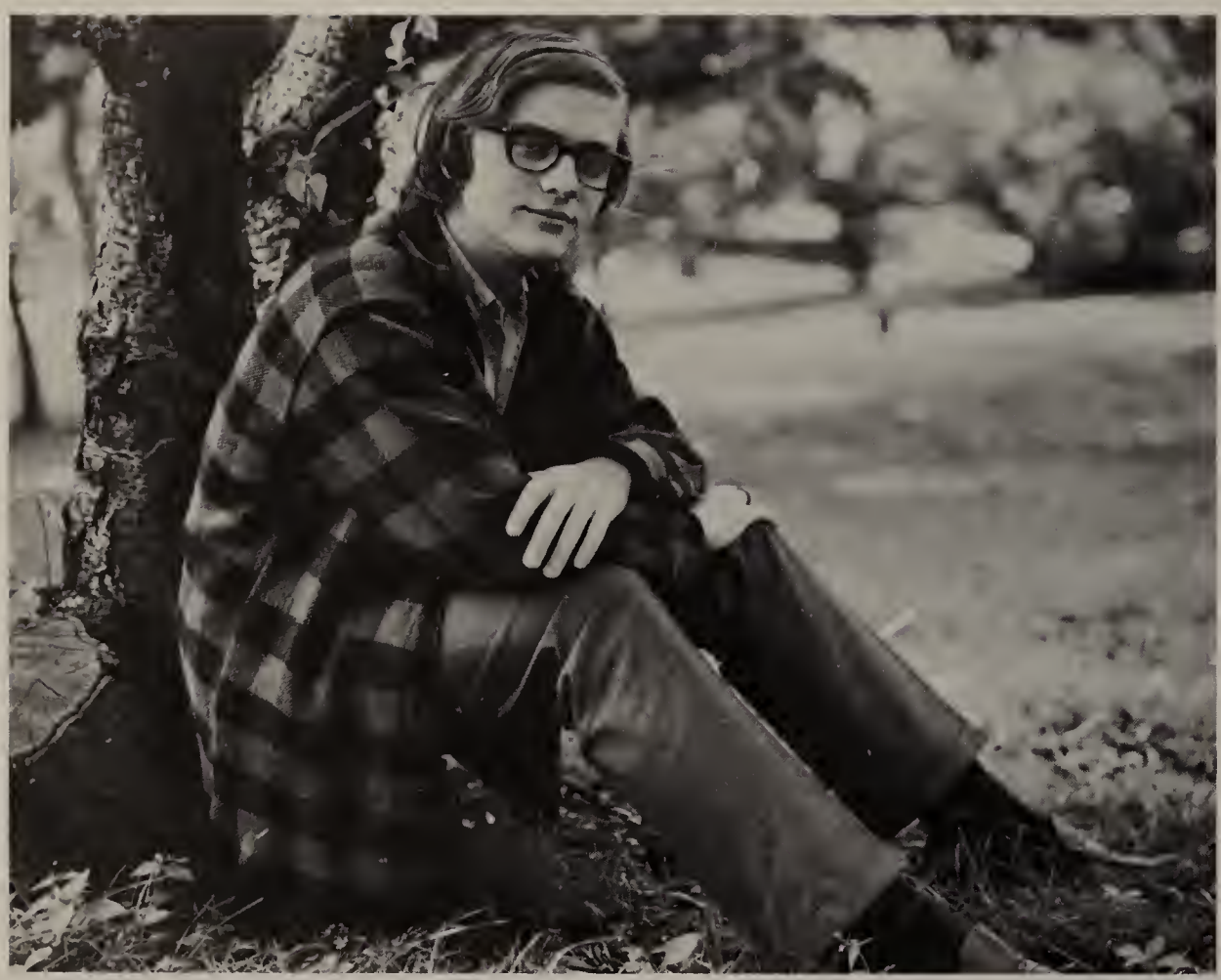

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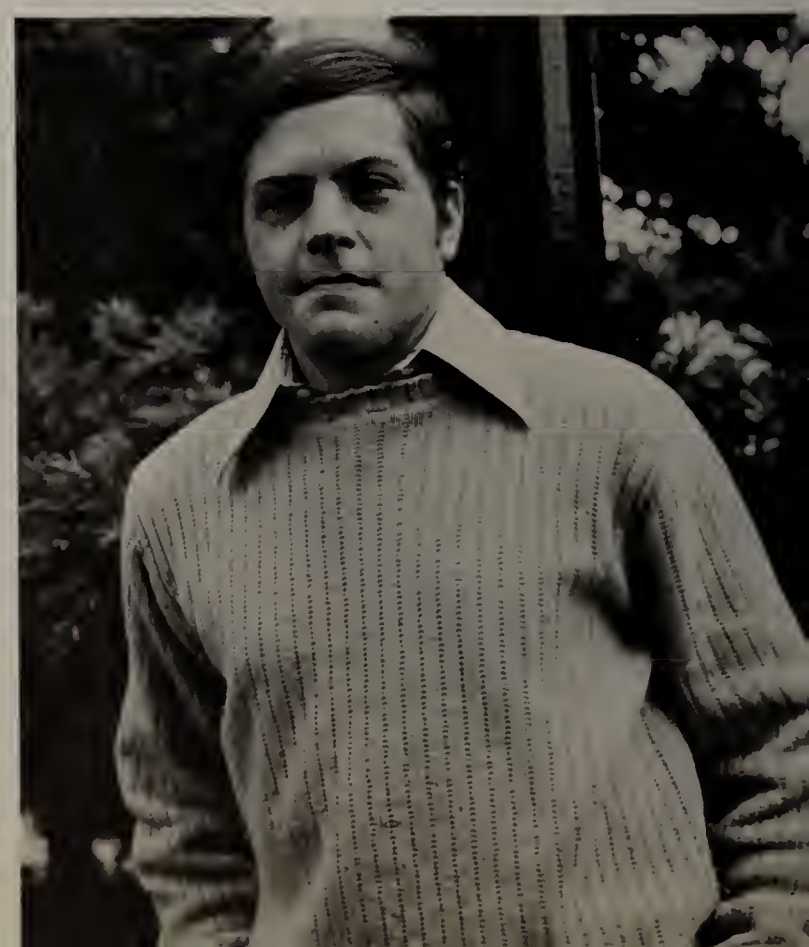

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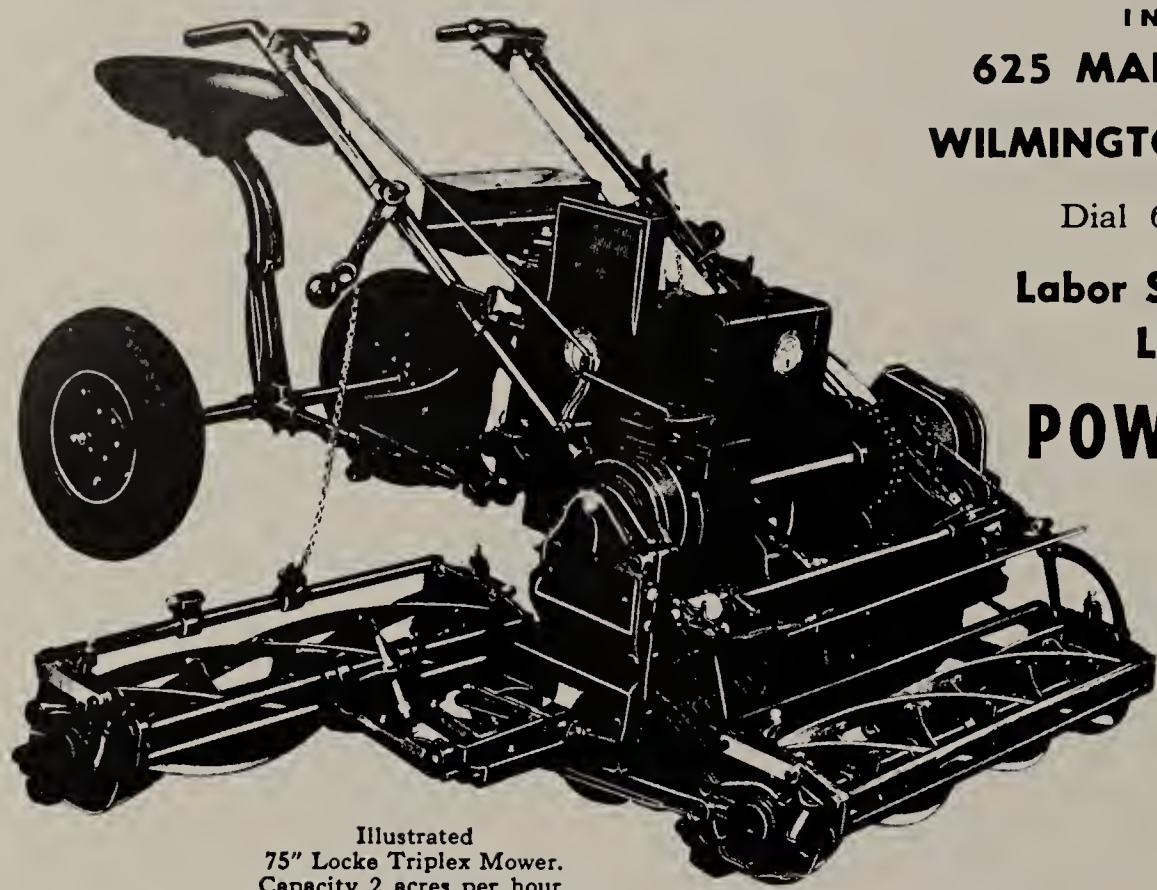

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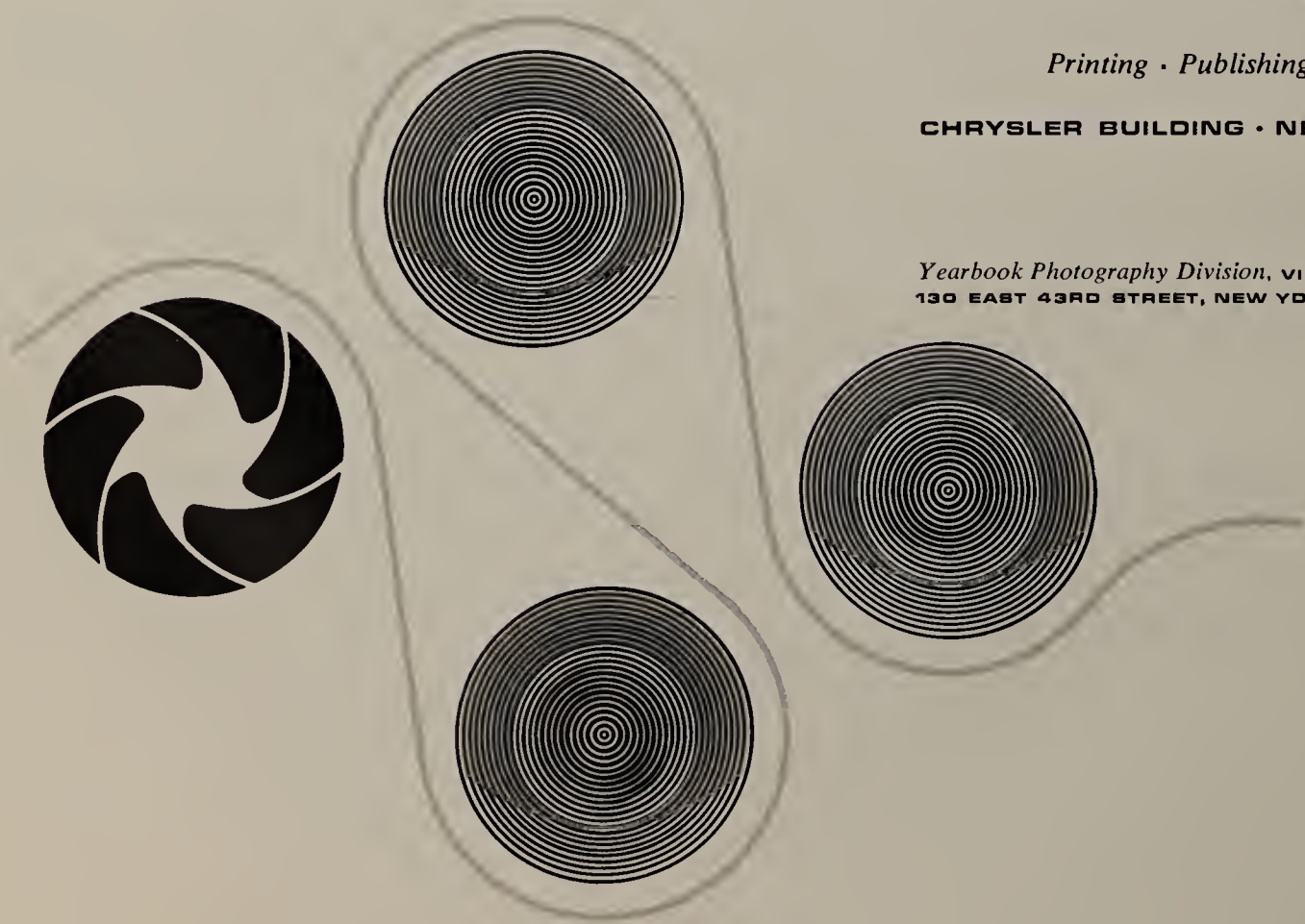

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